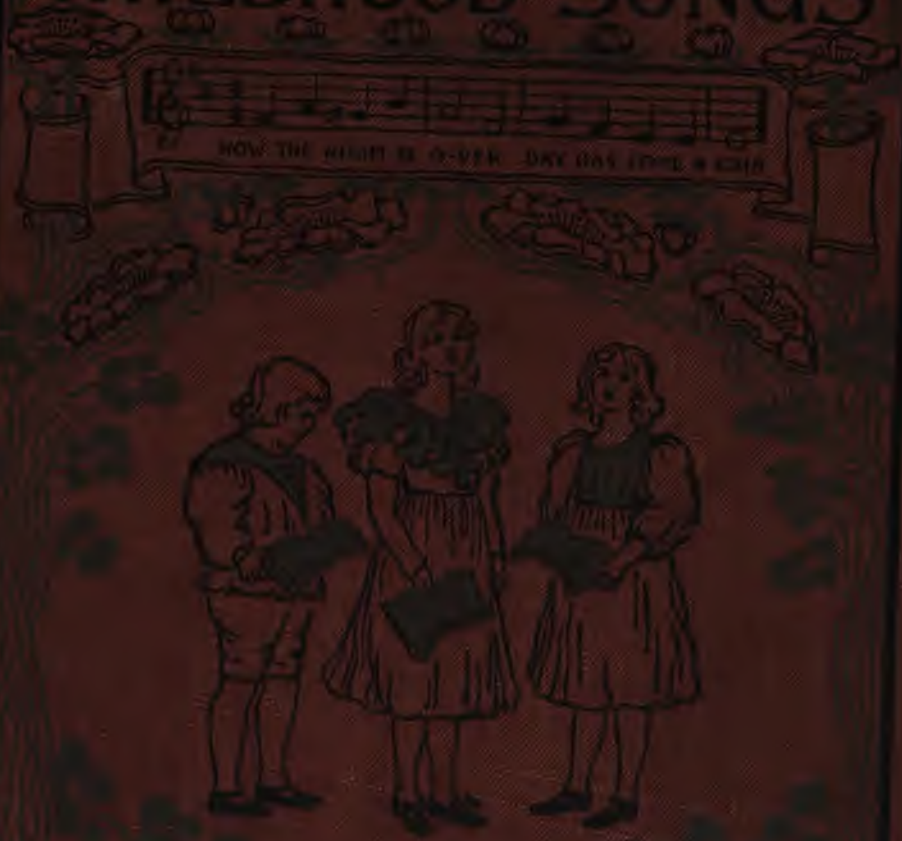
CHILDHOOD SONGS



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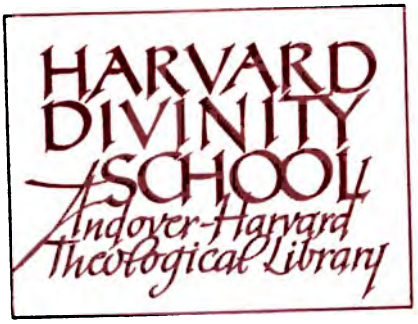


CHILDHOOD SONGS

A BOOK OF WORDS AND
MUSIC FOR PRIMARY
CLASSES AND THE HOME

EDITED BY

MIRA and MABEL ROWLAND

1st Edition
CLH

PHILADELPHIA

A. J. ROWLAND—1420 Chestnut Street

1898

From the Press of the
American Baptist Publication Society

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

"Childhood Songs" has been prepared to meet a demand for a first-class book for the primary department in Sunday-schools and for home use among the little folks. It is the outgrowth, in great part, of an experience of several years in primary work. Most of its melodies have been subjected to practical tests which have demonstrated their adaptedness to the powers and tastes of little children. As will be seen, these melodies align themselves with the newer music of the day. They will be found on trial to be as simple as they are sweet and harmonious. Great attention has been given to the words as well as to the music. The hymns are within the comprehension of the youngest child, but the truths and sentiments they express are of the highest order and in the best form. The editors have done their utmost to combine variety with excellence. It is believed that there is not a single page which will not be found available and helpful.

The thanks of the editors and publisher are due and are hereby tendered to Prof. D. Batchellor, Thomas G. Shearman, Margaret Bradford Morton, Caro A. Dugan, Helen H. Cobb, Lucy Rider Meyer, W. H. Doane, Theo. F. Seward, Chas. L. Hutchins, T. E. Perkins, The Century Co., The Oliver Ditson Co., and others, for the use of words and music; to Dr. E. H. Johnson and Prof. D. Batchellor for valuable suggestions; and to Rev. E. E. Ayres for reading and revising proof.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

1 From Quiet Night.

D. Batchellor.

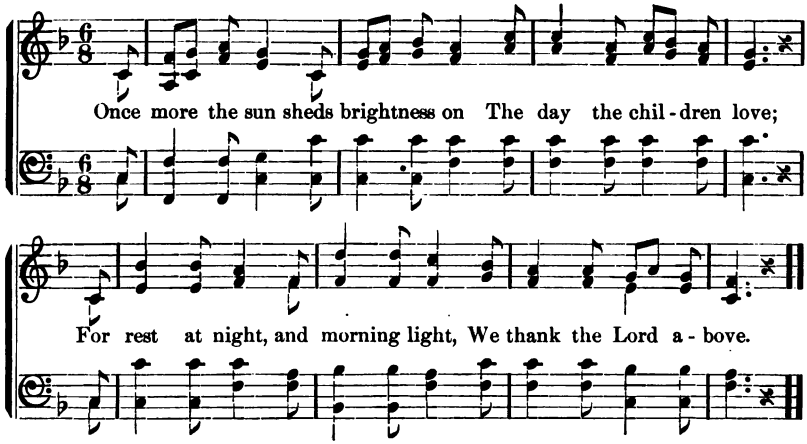
Andante.

1. From qui - et night, The sun's bright light Wakes us, the morning bring - ing, O God, thy care Is ev - 'ry - where, To thee our songs we're sing - ing, To thee our songs we're sing - ing.

2 By this sweet rest
Thou hast us blest,
Our strength again renewing,
And this, to-day
We'll use, and pray,
O Father, bless our doing,
O Father, bless our doing.

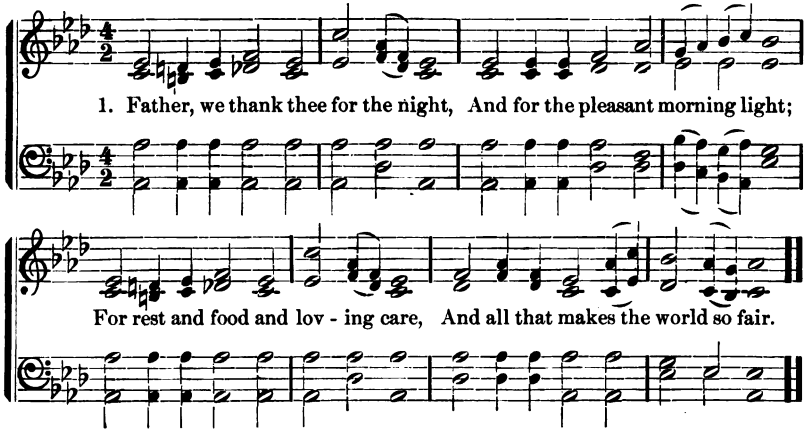
2 Morning Bright.

M. R.



3 Child's Morning Hymn.

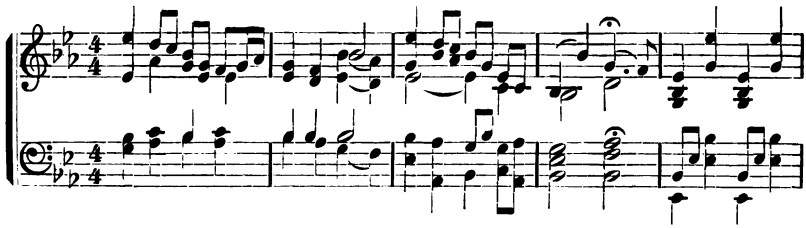
REBECCA J. WESTON. D. BATCHELLOR.

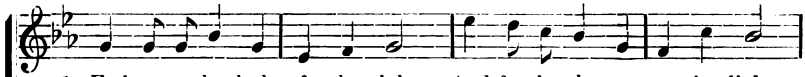


2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To love thee better day by day.

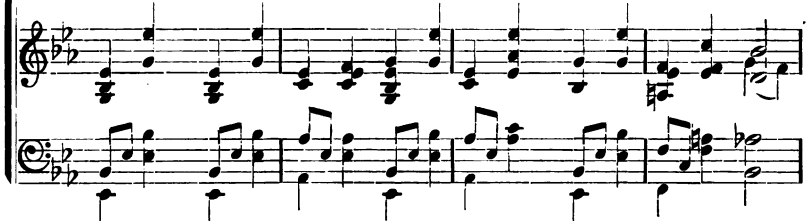
Child's Morning Hymn.

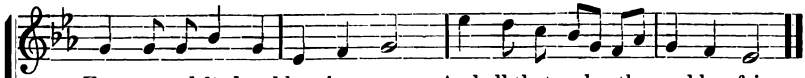
(Second Tune.) KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



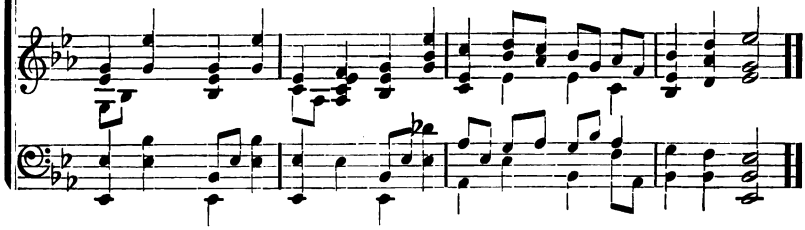


1. Father, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morning light;





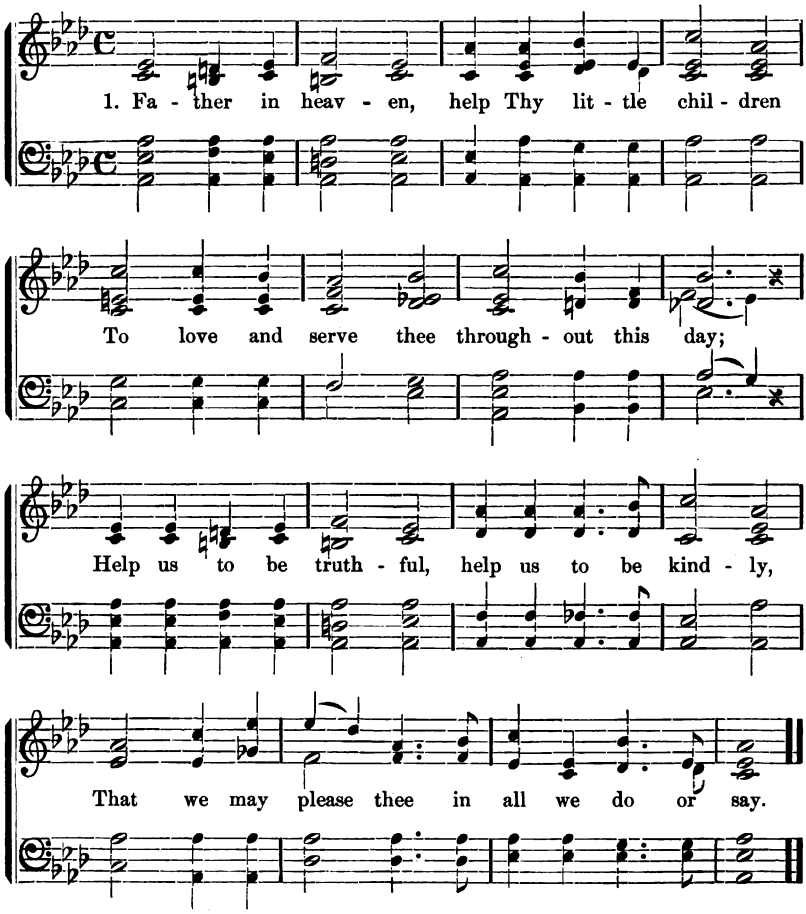
For rest and food and lov- ing care, And all that makes the world so fair.



2 Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do, in work or play,
To love thee better day by day.

Morning Prayer.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

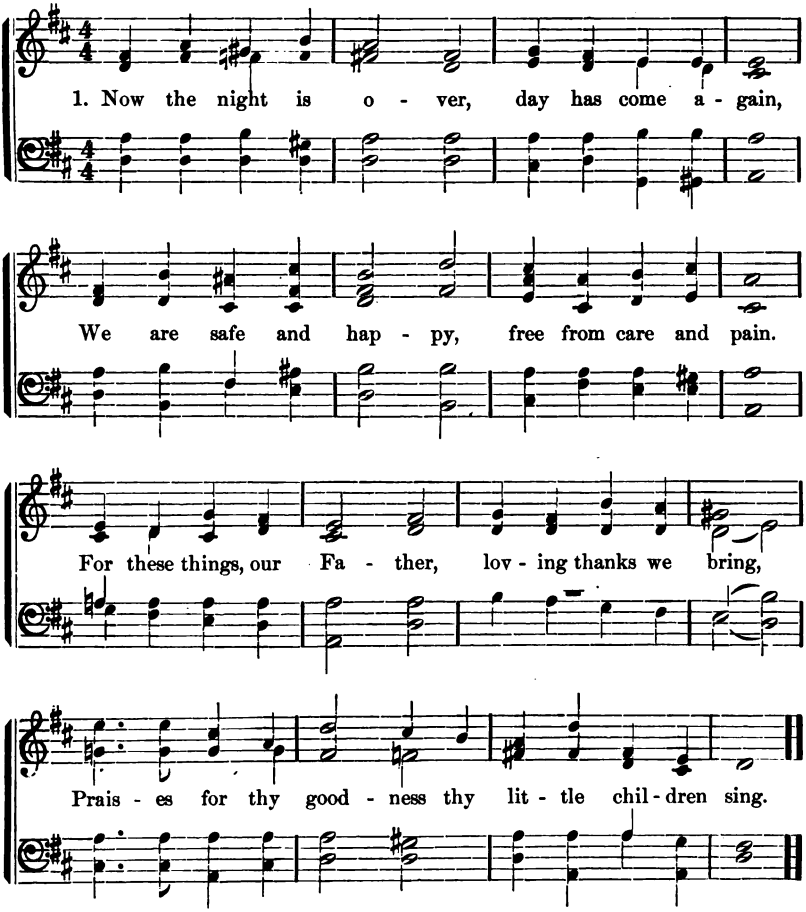


2 Dear Lord, we pray thee, keep thy little children
From doing wrong through this happy day;
Hear our morning promise, Father help us keep it,
That we may bless thee in all we do or say.

5

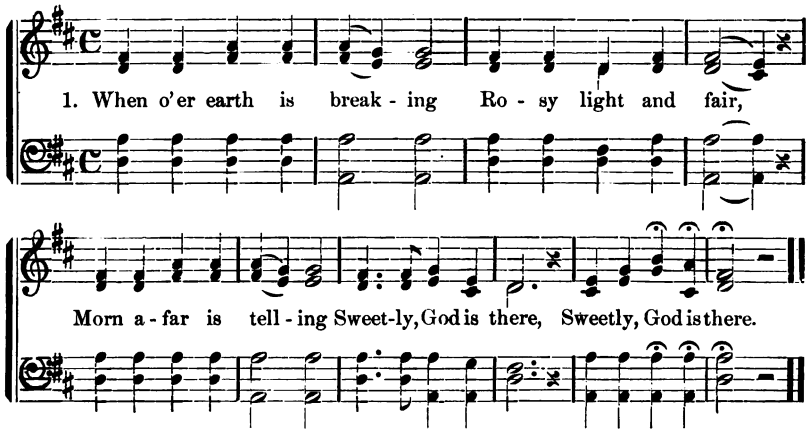
Morning Prayer.

N. A. S.



2 In the hours before us, in their work and play,
Let us all be loving, kind in all we say;
Try to please each other, try to do the right,
Make the day a glad one, and thank thee for its light!

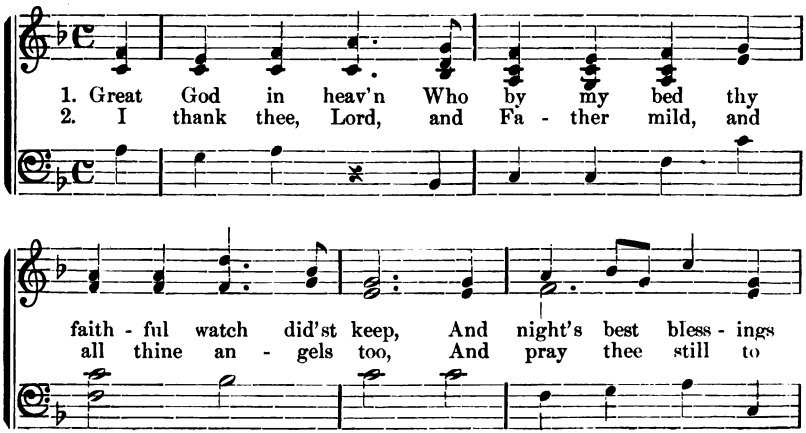
6 God is There.



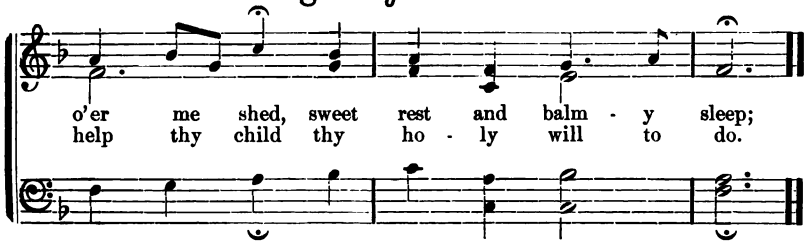
2 When the Spring is wreathing
Flowers rich and rare,
On each leaf is written
Nature's God is there,
Nature's God is there.

7 Morning Prayer.

REINECKE.

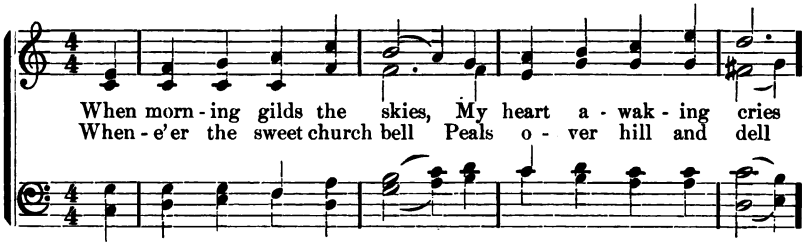


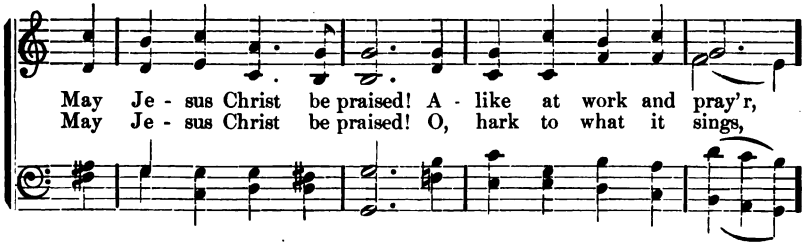
Morning Prayer.—Concluded.

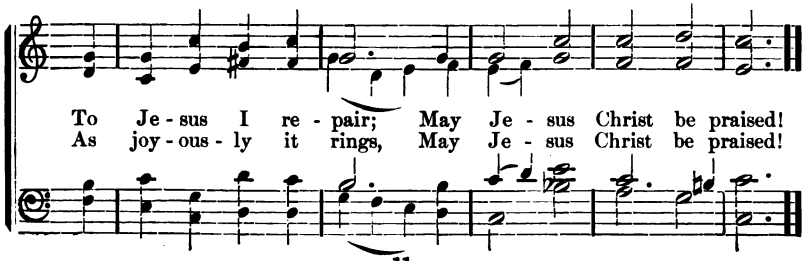


8 Morning.

Sir Joseph Barnby.







9 Closing Hymn.

F. W. Faber. W. H. Monk.

1. Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our minds in - still;

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fervent will.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

2 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

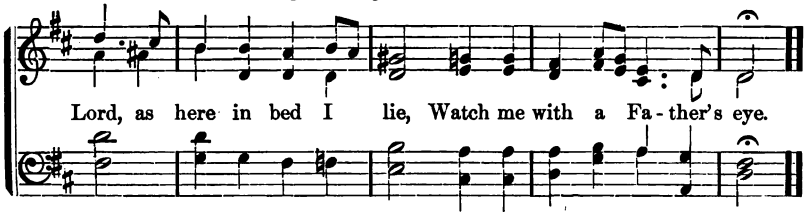
3 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come,
Thro' night and darkness near us be;
Good angels watch about our home,
And we are one day nearer thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

10 Evening Prayer.

Hensel. Reinecke.

1. Wea - ri - ly at daylight's close, Lit - tle eye - lids seek re - pose;

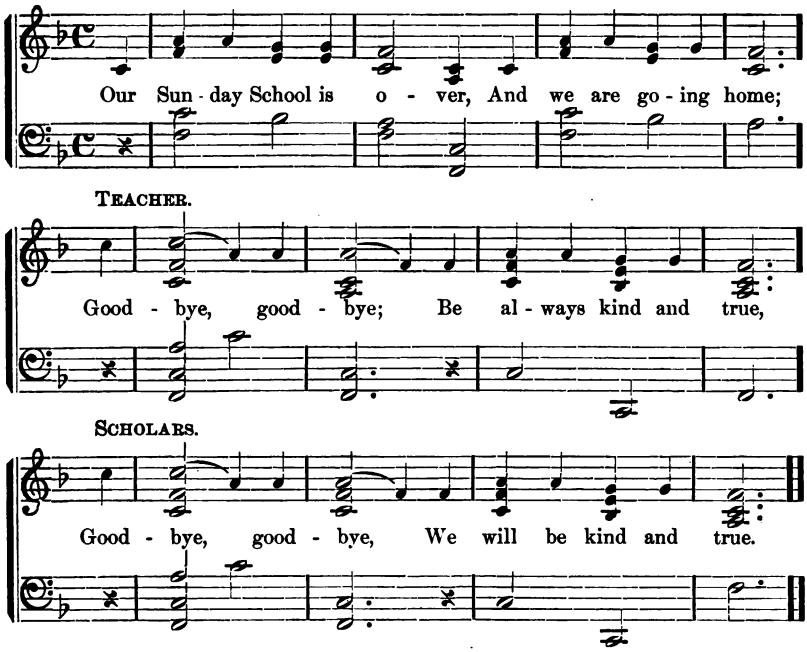
Evening Prayer.—Concluded.



2 Parents, brothers, sisters dear,
Have them in thy heav'nly care;
All mankind, whoe'er they be,
Let them find repose in thee.

3 Sick and weary, all who weep,
Father close their eyes in sleep;
Let the great moon from the sky
O'er the world shine silently.

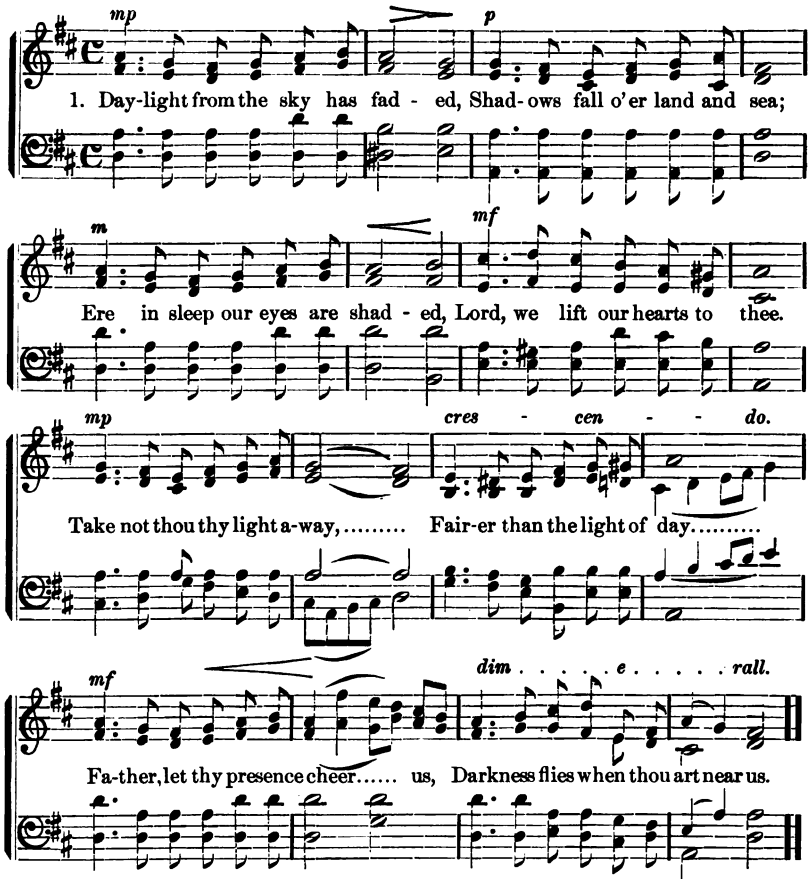
11 Good-Bye Song.



In some schools when singing "Good-bye," the teachers and scholars salute each other with an outward wave of the hand, first with the right and then with the left; or the song may be sung by the children as they march from the room.

12 Daylight From the Sky Has Faded.

D. Batchellor.



2 Flowers, amid the calm of even,
Lift their heads, refresh'd with dew,
Weary hearts look up to heaven,
There to find their strength anew;
Thus we thirst for thee, O Lord;
Let thy grace on us be poured,
Cleanse and pardon and restore us,
Shed the dew of blessing o'er us.

3 Babes, their trustful eyelids closing,
Slumber on their mother's breast;
Little birds, in peace reposing,
Under parent wings find rest:
Whither shall thy children flee,
Heavenly Father, but to thee?
Thou will watch, while, in thy keeping,
Calm and peaceful, we are sleeping.

13 When the Little Children Sleep.

REINECKE.

Andante.

1. When the lit - tle children sleep, Lit-tle stars are wak - ing; Angels bright from
2. When the lit - tle children wake, Lit-tle stars are sleep- ing; Angels bright in

p

ritard.

heaven come, And till morn is breaking, They will watch the live-long night, By their beds till
raiment white, Still their watch are keeping; They will watch by night or day, Never let them

mf

p ritard.

pp in tempo

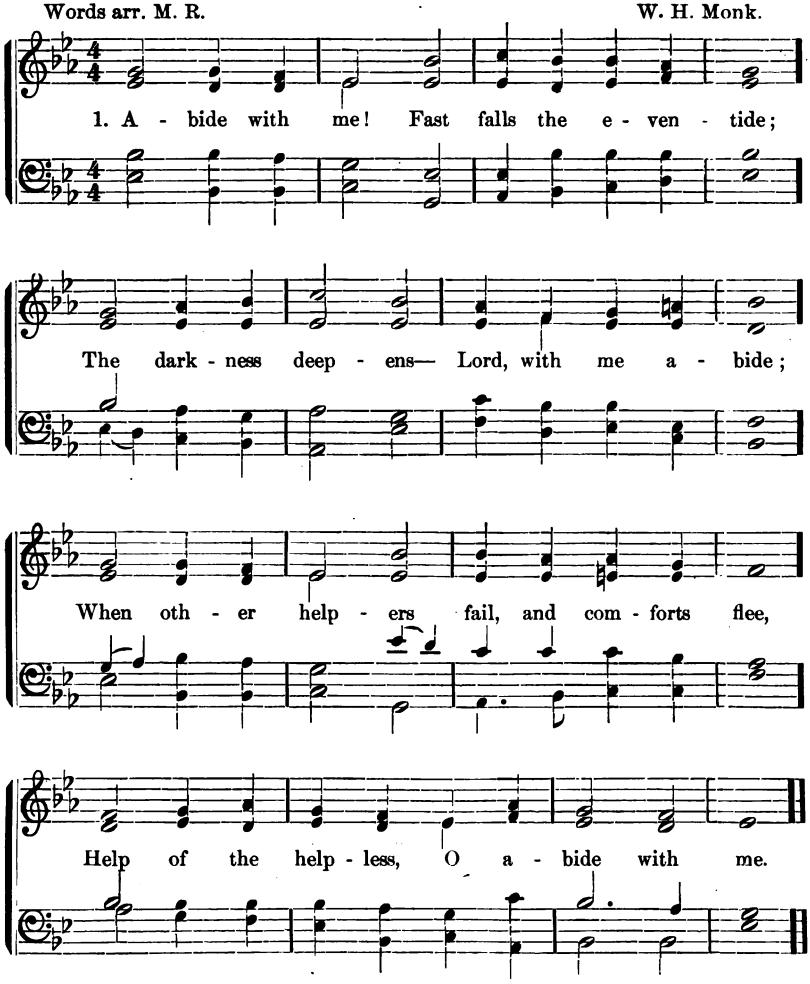
poco a poco ritardando.

morning light, When the little children sleep, Stars and an-gels watch do keep.
go a-stray, When the lit-tle children wake, When the lit-tle children wake.

pp

Eventide.

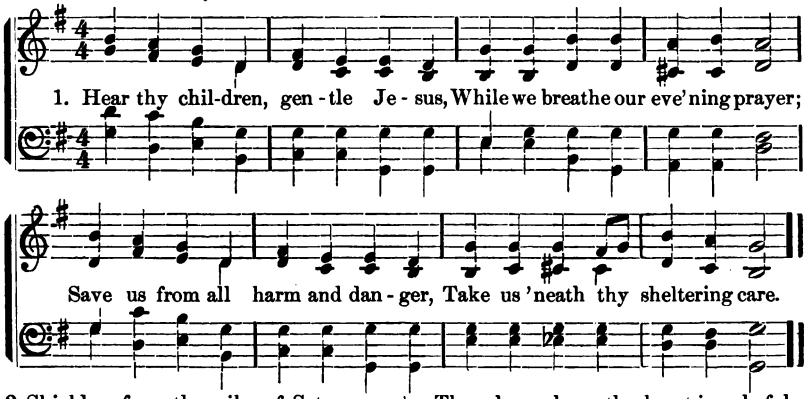
Words arr. M. R. W. H. Monk.



2 Though night descend, the darkness holds no fear;
No harm can come while Thou art ever near!
Grant me o'er sin and wrong the victory,
All through my life, dear Lord, abide with me.

15 Hear Thy Children, Gentle Jesus.

From Kilburn Hymns. C. A. Barnard.



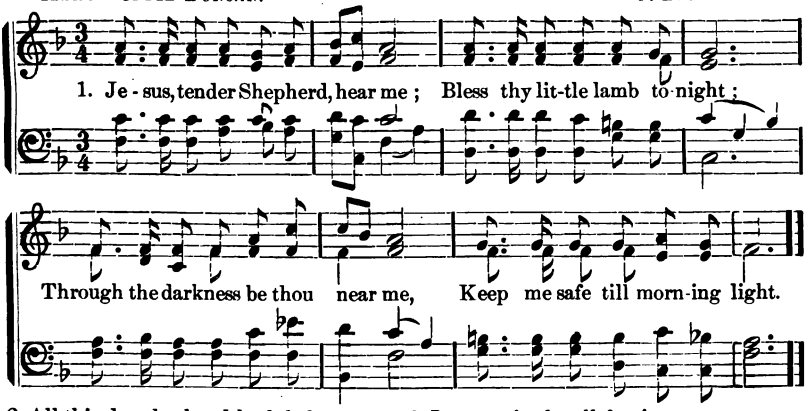
2 Shield us from the wiles of Satan
From the perils of this night;
Safely may the guardian angels
Keep us in their watchful sight.

3 Gentle Jesus! look in pity
From thy glorious throne above;
Though we sleep, thy heart is wakeful,
Still for us it beats with love.

4 Shades of evening fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom;
When our earthly life is ended,
Lead thy ransomed children home.

16 Sylvester.

Mary Lundie Duncan. J. B. Dykes.



2 All this day thy hand hath led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed [me,
Listen to my evening prayer:

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

17 Cradle Song.

ANNA WARNER. T. E. PERKINS.

1. O lit- tle child, lie still and sleep; Je- sus is here, Thou need'st not fear;

No one need fear whom God doth keep By day or night, By day or night;

Then lay thee down in slumber deep, Till morning light, Till morning light.

2 O little child, be still and rest,—
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps,—
And in the morning wake so blest,
His child to be,
His child to be;
Love every one, but love him best,—
He first loved thee,
He first loved thee.

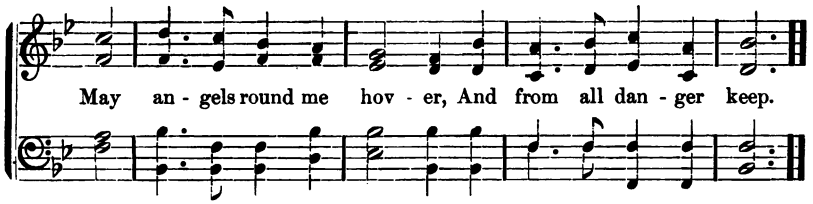
3 O little child, when thou must die,
Fear nothing then,
But say, "Amen"
To God's command, and quiet lie
In his kind hand,
In his kind hand.
Till he shall say, "Dear child, come, fly
To heaven's bright land,
To heaven's bright land."

18 The Day is Past.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. The day is past and o - ver, I lay me down to sleep,

The Day is Past.—Concluded.



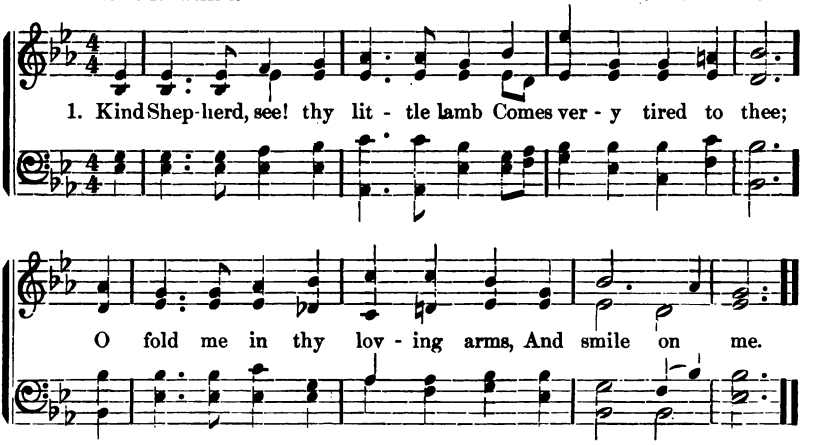
2 I thank the bounteous Giver
For all his gifts this day;
And pray that I may ever,
His care with love repay.

3 I pray him to forgive me
For every sin this day,
And always strength to give me,
His statutes to obey.

4 I pray him to awake me,
At early morning gleam;
And when I die to take me,
To dwell in heaven with him.

19 Evening Hymn.

Mrs. H. P. Hawkins. J. B. Dykes.



2 I've wandered from thy fold to-day,
And would not hear thee call;
And oh! I was not happy then,
Nor glad at all.

3 I want, dear Saviour, to be good,
And follow close to thee
Thro' flow'ry meads and pastures green,
And happy be.

4 Thou kind, good Shepherd! in thy fold
I evermore would keep.
In morning's light and evening's shade,
And while I sleep.

5 But now, dear Jesus, let me lay
My head upon thy breast;
I am too tired to tell thee more,
Thou know'st the rest.

20 Sun of My Soul.

Rev. John Keble. P. Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh! may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy serv - ant's eyes.

2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ried eye - lids gent - ly steep, Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

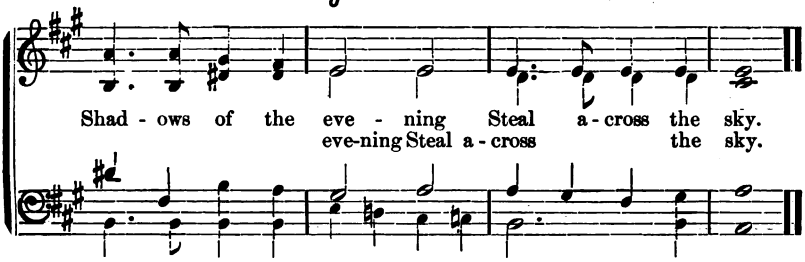
4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

21 Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Sir Joseph Barnby.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,

Now the Day is Over.—Concluded.



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

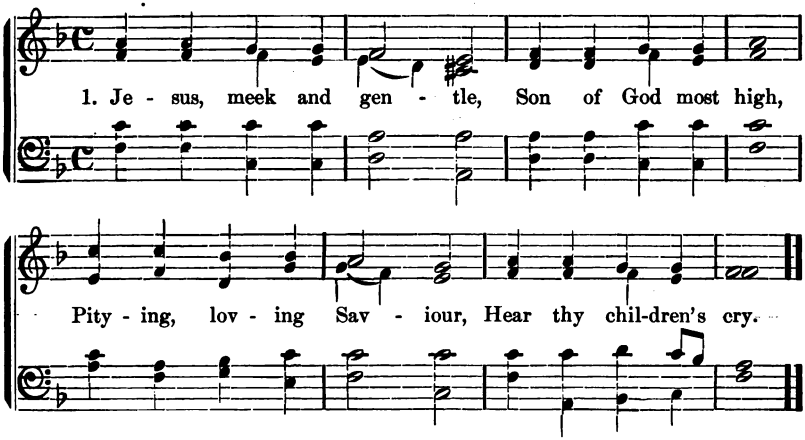
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching 'round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

22 Jesus, Meek, and Gentle.

G. R. Prynne. German. arr. by W. H. Monk.



2 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, holy Jesus
To the realms above.

3 Lead us on our journey,
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

23 God, Make My Life a Little Light.

Mrs. Edwards. D. Batchellor.

1. God, make my life a lit - tle light, With - in the world to glow,

A lit - tle flame that burneth bright, Wher- ev - er I may go.

Chorus.

O Fa - ther, help thy chil - dren, Do thou our foot- steps guide,

We walk in peace and safe - ty, While keeping at thy side.

2 God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

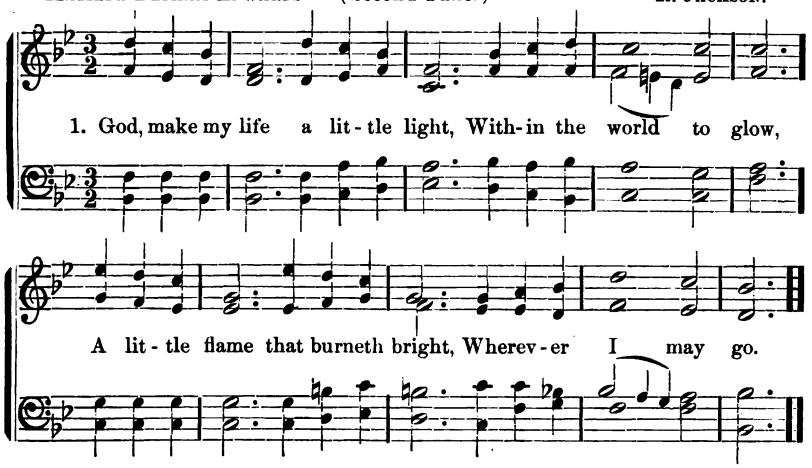
3 God, make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have,
May serve my neighbor best.

4 God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

5 God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise.—
Of faith, that never waxeth dim
In all his wondrous ways.

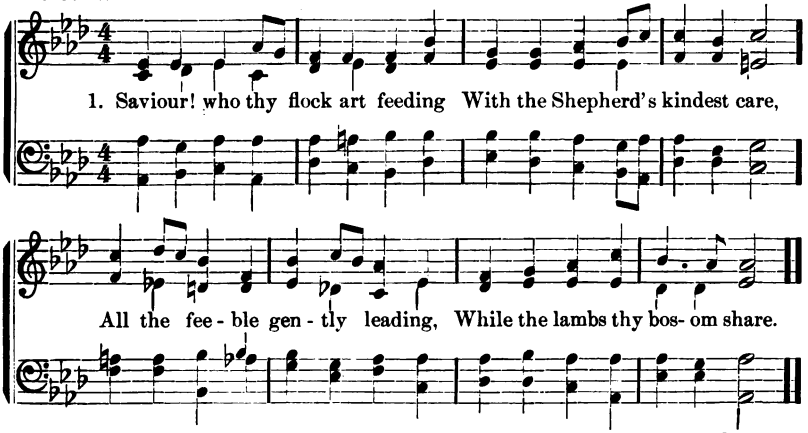
23 God, Make My Life a Little Light.

MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS. (Second Tune.) R. JACKSON.



24 Saviour, Who Thy Flock.

Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG. Rev. EDMUND S. CARTER.

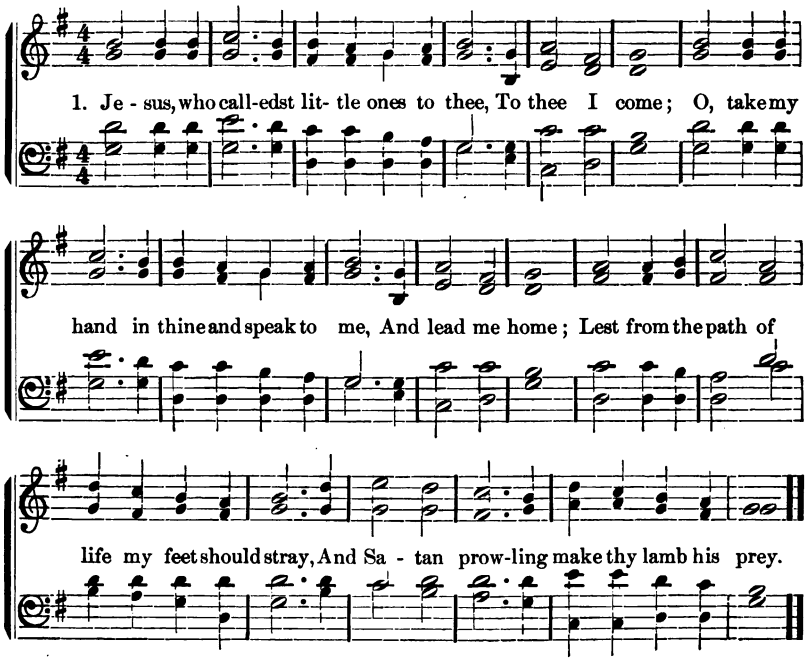


2 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

3 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

25 Jesus, who Calledst Little Ones to Thee.

C. C. Bell. C. H. Purday.



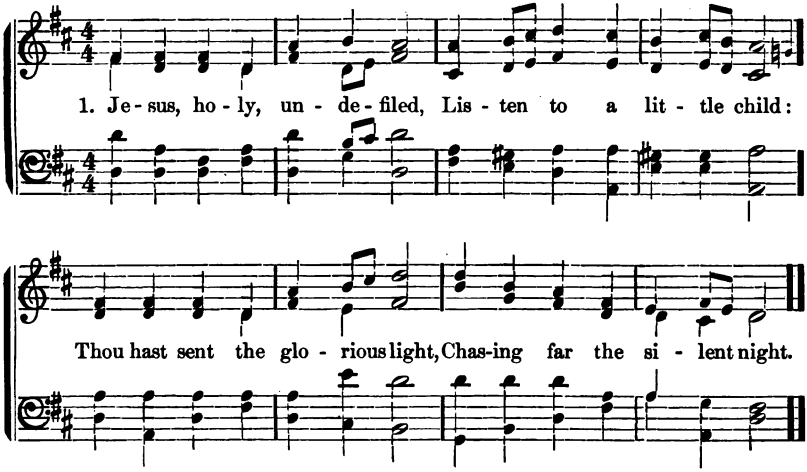
2 I love to think that thou with holy feet
My path hast trod,
Along life's common lane and dusty street
Hast walked with God.
On Mary's bosom drawn a baby's breath
And served thy parents dear at Nazareth.

3 O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine
(So full of sin)
As holy, harmless, undefiled as thine
And dwell therein.
Then, God my Father, I, like thee, shall know,
And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.

4 To thee my Saviour, then, with morning light,
Glad songs I'll raise,
My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright
With silent praise.
And should my work or play my thoughts employ,
Thy will shall be my law, thy love my joy.

26 Jesus, Holy, Undefiled.

Mrs. E. Shepcote. J. B. Dykes.



2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of thine,
Warmth to give and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Now the little birds arise,
Chirping gaily in the skies;
Thee their tiny voices praise,
In the early songs they raise.

4 Thou, by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

27 Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep.

J. E. Leeson. Tune.—"Jesus, Holy, Undefiled."

1 Loving Shepherd of thy sheep,
Keep thy lambs, in safety keep;
Nothing can thy power withstand;
None can pluck us from thy hand.

2 Loving Saviour, thou did'st give
Thine own life that we might live;
And the hands outstretched to bless
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

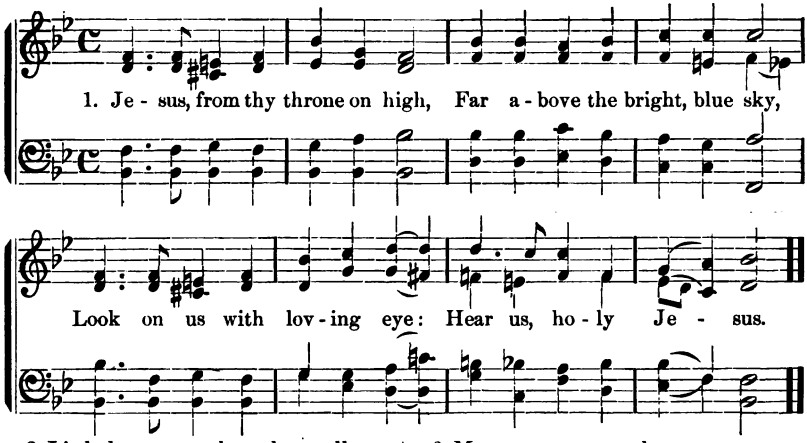
3 We would praise thee every day,
Gladly all thy will obey,
Like the blessed ones above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Loving Shepherd, ever near,
Teach thy lambs thy voice to hear;
Suffer not our steps to stray
From the straight and narrow way.

5 Where thou leadest we would go,
Walking in thy steps below
Till before our Father's throne
We shall know as we are known.

28 Prayer.

T. B. Pollock.



2 Little hearts may love thee well,
Little lips thy love may tell,
Little hymns thy praises swell:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Be thou with us every day,
In our work and in our play,
When we learn and when we pray:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

5 When we lie asleep at night,
Ever may thy angels bright,
Keep us safe till morning light:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

6 May we ever try to be
From all sinful tempers free,
Pure and gentle, Lord, like thee:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

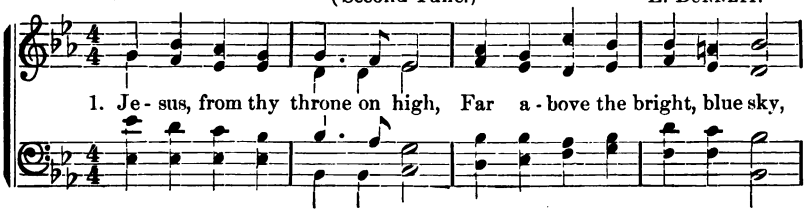
7. May our thoughts be undefiled,
May our words be true and mild,
Make us each a holy child:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

8 Jesus, Son of God, most high,
Who didst in a manger lie,
Who upon the cross didst die:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

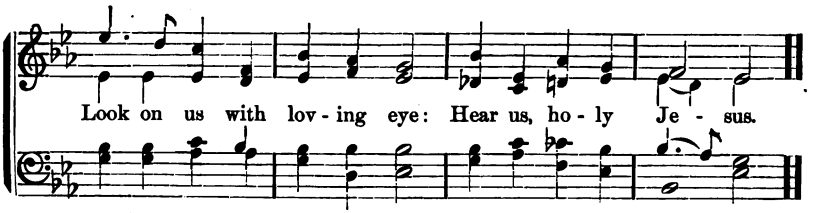
9 Jesus, whom we hope to see,
Calling us, in heaven to be
Happy evermore with thee:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

28 Prayer.

(Second Tune.) E. Bunnett.



Prayer.—Concluded.



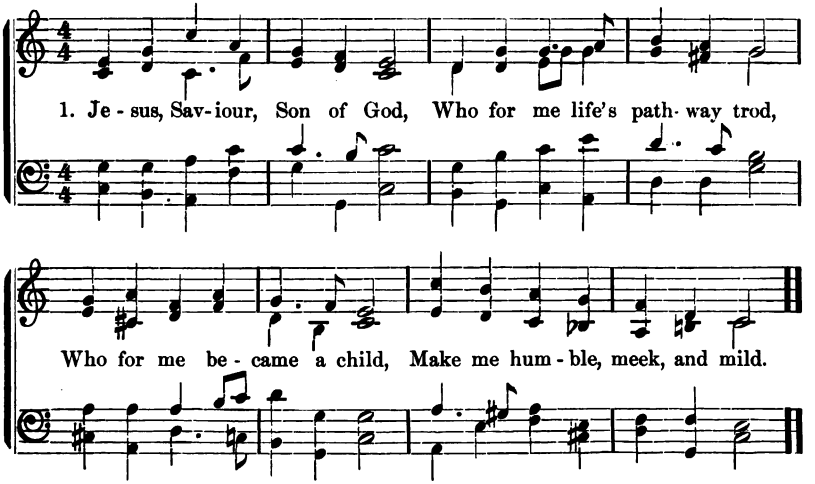
2 Little children need not fear,
When they know that thou art near,
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

3 Little lambs may come to thee,
Thou wilt fold us tenderly,
And our careful Shepherd be:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

4 Little lives may be divine,
Little deeds of love may shine,
Little ones be wholly thine:
Hear us, holy Jesus.

29 Jesus, Saviour, Son of God.

Anon. F. A. G. Ouseley.

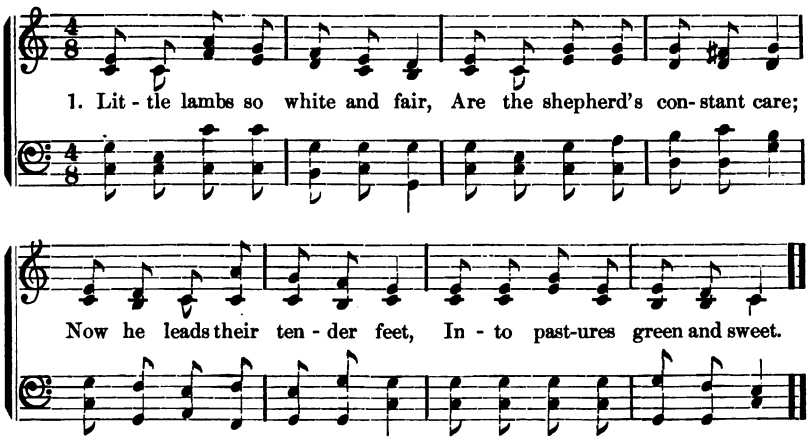


2 I thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow thee;
Samuel was thy child of old,
Take me, too, within thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to thee,
Make me wholly heavenly;
Let me love what thou dost love,
Let me live with thee above.

30 Little Lambs.

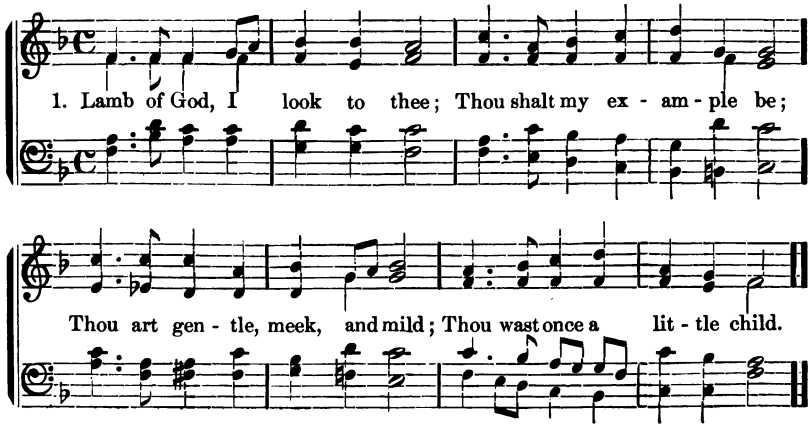
H. J. GAUNTLETT.



2 Now they listen and obey,
Following where he leads the way;
Heavenly Father, may we be
Thus obedient unto thee.

31 Prayer.

C. WESLEY. J. B. DYKES.



Prayer.—Concluded.

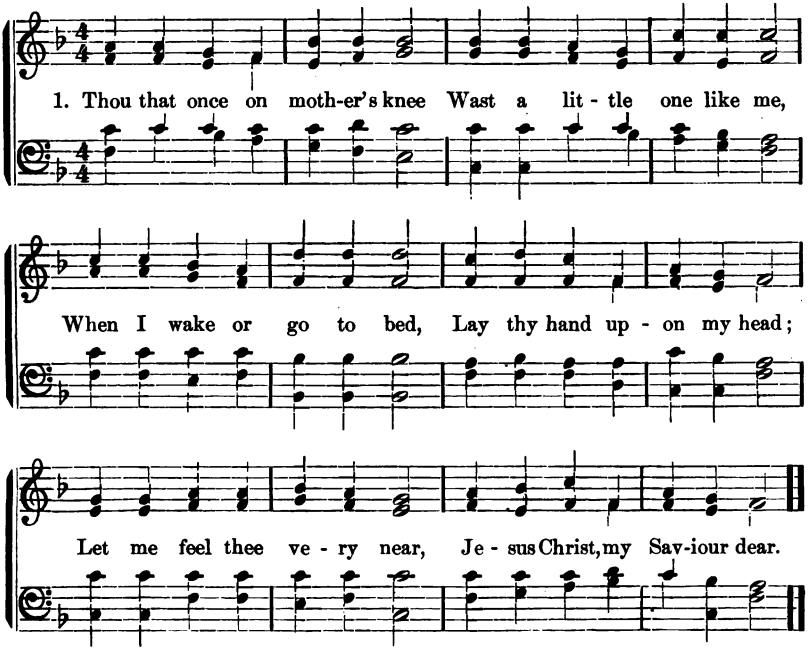
2 Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfill,
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
Live thyself within my heart.

32 My Saviour Dear.

T. Palgrave. T. E. Perkins, by per.

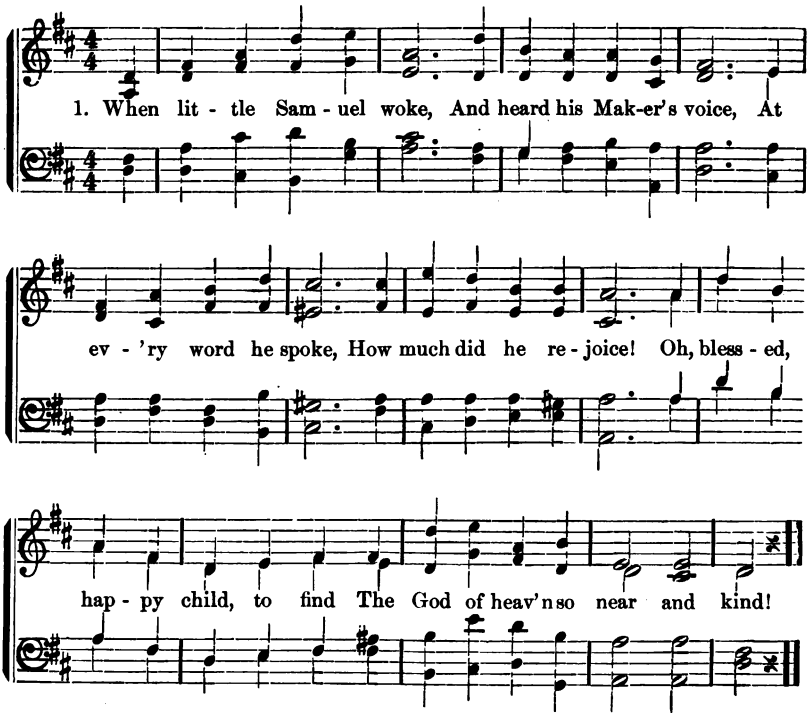


2 Stay beside me in the light,
Close beside me all the night,
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do.
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

3 Thou art near me when I pray,
Though thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
Jesus Christ, my Saviour dear.
Thou that once on mother's knee,
Wast a little child like me.

33 When Little Samuel Woke.

JANE TAYLOR. DR. C. STEGGALL.



2 If God would speak to me,
And say he was my Friend,
How happy I should be!
Oh, how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak?
Oh, yes; for in his word
He bids me come and seek
The God that Samuel heard;
In almost every page I see
The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath his care
May safely rest my head;
I know that God is there
To guard my humble bed;
And every sin I well may fear
Since God Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel let me say,
Whene'er I read thy word,—
"Speak, Lord, I would obey
The voice that I have heard:"
And when I in thy house appear,
Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

34 Angel Voices.

FRANCIS POTT. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voi - ces ev - er sing - ing Round thy

throne of light, An - gel harps for - ev - er ring - ing,

Rest not day nor night: Thous - ands on - ly

live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might!

2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

35 From the Far Blue Heaven.

Words arr. by N. A. S. REINECKE.

f Andantino.

1. From the far blue heaven, Where the angels dwell, God looks down on children
2. Hap-py lit- tle children, Hear the truth we tell, God will not for - get you,

f *p* *mf*

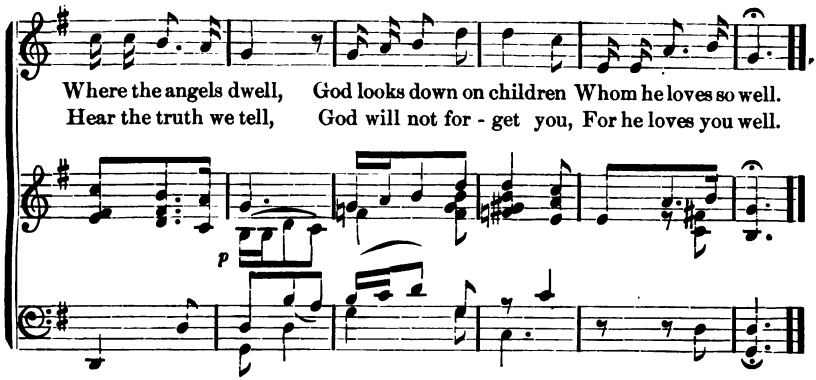
Whom he loves so well; He will like a father give them Ev' ry day their bread,
For he loves you well; Just as he loves all the birdies, All the flow' rs and trees,

p

To the end will keep them Safe from fear and dread. From the far blue heaven,
So he loves his children, And their trouble sees. Happy lit - tle children,

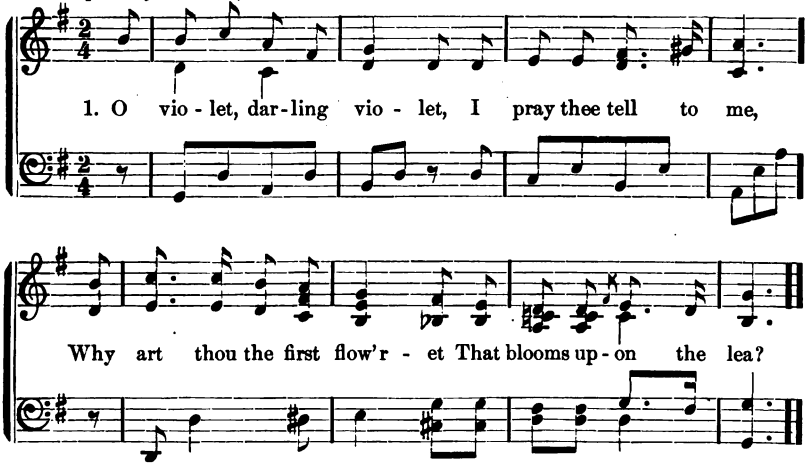
f

From the Far Blue Heaven.—Concluded.



36 The Violet.

Adapted by M. R. REINECKE.

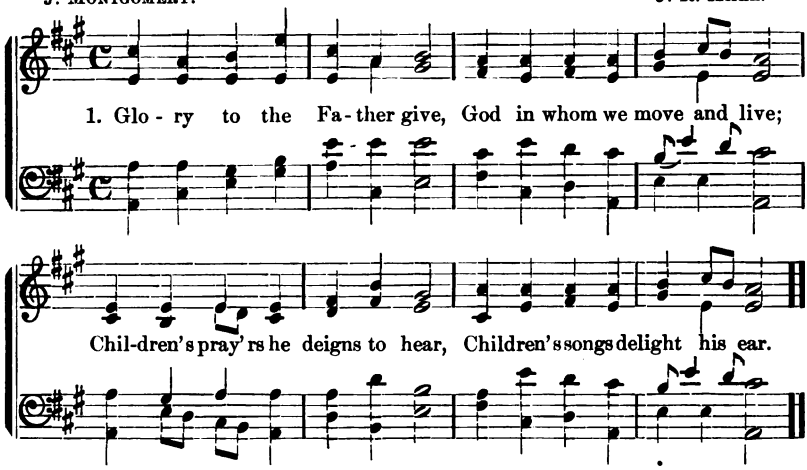


2 Because I am so tiny,
That is the reason why,
Were other flowers near me
You all would pass me by.

3 Our Father made thee, violet,
And loves thee, tho' so small;
And we're his little children,
And know he loves us all.

37 Glory to the Father Give.

J. Montgomery. J. R. Ahle.



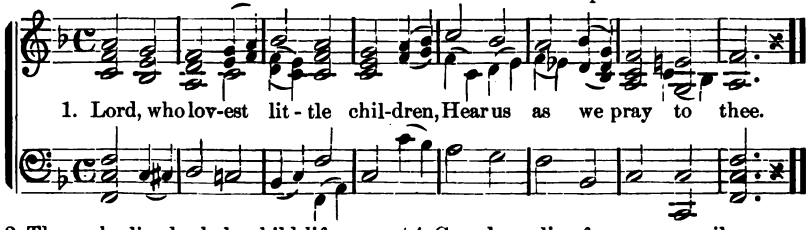
2 Glory to the Son we bring;
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
Be this day a Pentecost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

38 Lord, Who Lovest Little Children.

M. R. Adapted from Novello.



2 Thou who lived a holy child life,
Help us to be pure like thee.

3 In our school-time and our playing,
Make us gentle, Lord, like thee.

4 Guard our lips from every evil,
Help us to be true like thee.

5 When to anger we are tempted,
Help us to be meek like thee.

Lord, Who Lovest Little Children.—Concluded.

6 Thou did'st live thy life for others,
Make us helpful, Lord, like thee.

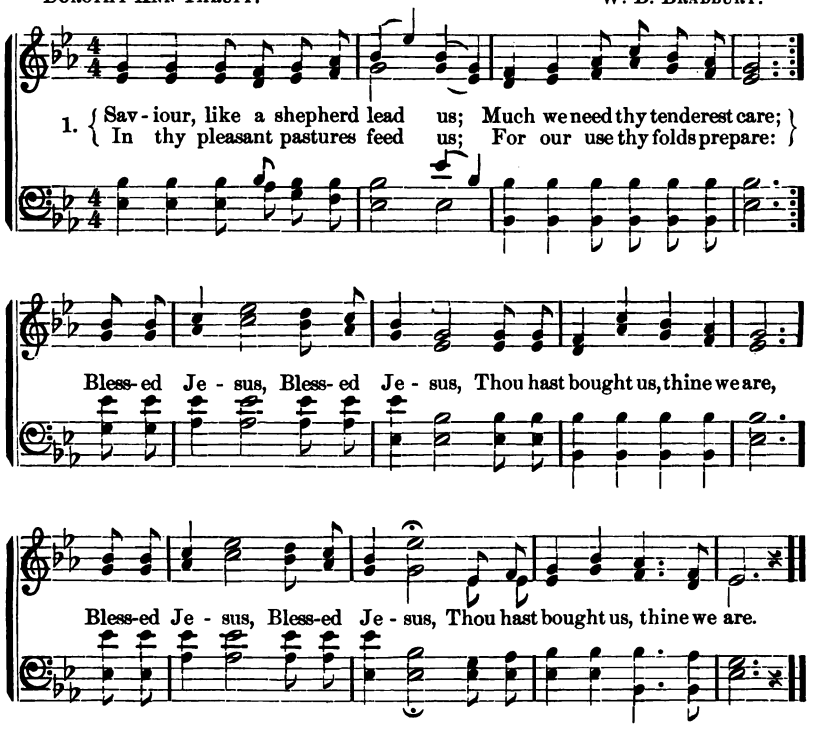
7 What thou sendest, pain or pleasure,
Help us all to bear for thee.

8 Thou on earth wast ever loving
Make us ever more like thee.

9 Lord who lovest little children,
Hear us as we pray to thee.

39 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

DOROTHY ANN THRUPP. W. B. BRADBURY.

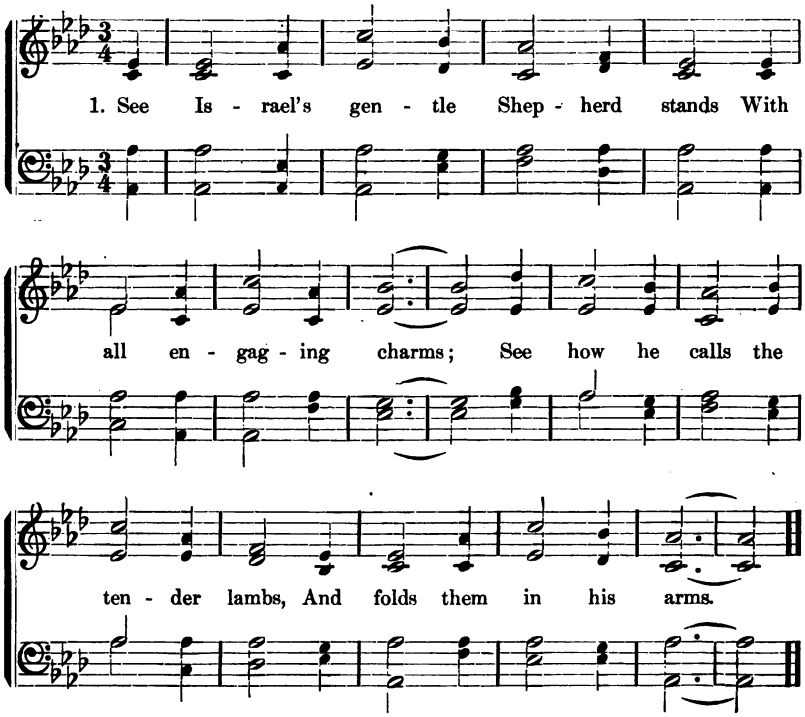


2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

40 See Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. W. H. HAVERGAL.



41 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

REV. HORATIUS BONAR.

TUNE.—See Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one
Stoop down and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived
And now I live in him.

42 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

Cho.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast,

rit. FINE.

There by his love o'er shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

There by his love o'er shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

D.C. Chorus.

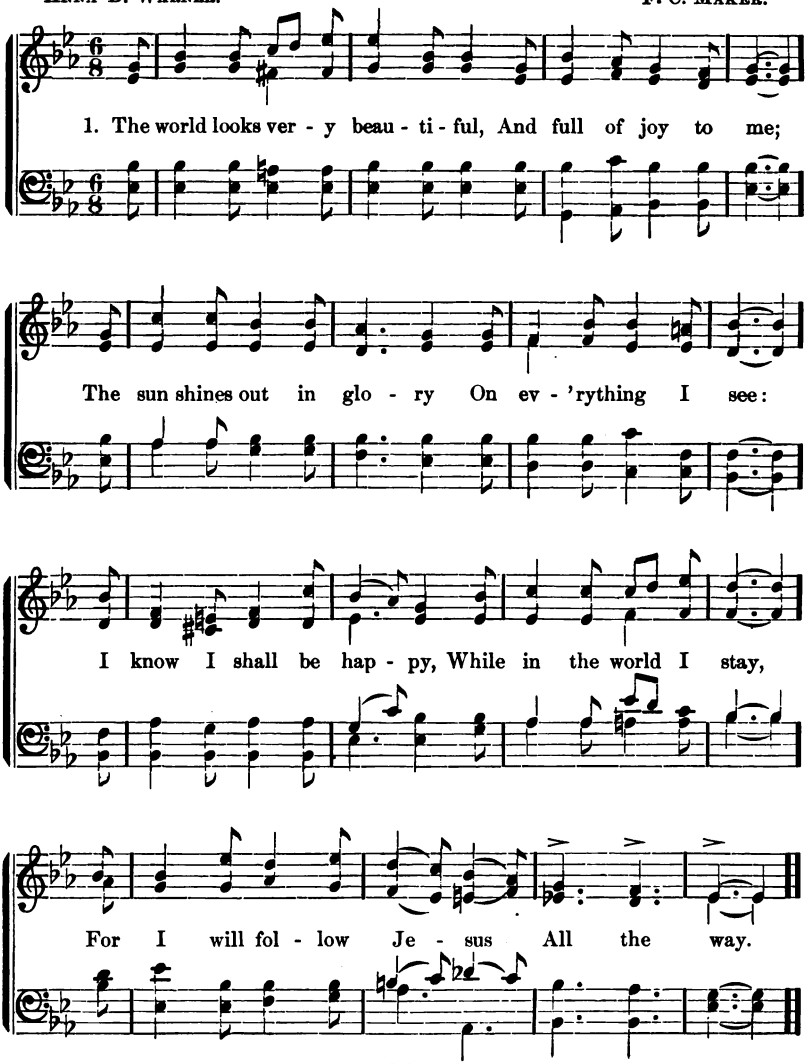
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

43 The World Looks Very Beautiful.

ANNA B. WARNER. F. C. MAKER.



The World Looks Very Beautiful.—Concluded.

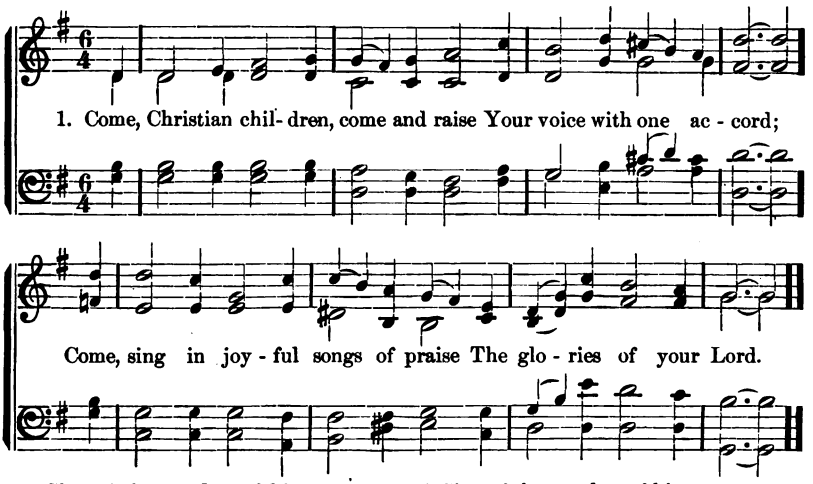
2 I'm but a little pilgrim,
My journey's just begun;
They say I shall meet sorrow
Before my journey's done;
The world is full of sorrow
And suffering they say;
But I will follow Jesus
All the way.

3 Then, like a little pilgrim,
Whatever I may meet,
I'll take it, joy or sorrow,
And lay at Jesus' feet;
He'll comfort me in trouble,
He'll wipe my tears away:
With joy I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

4 Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear,
For when I'm close by Jesus,
Grief cannot come too near;
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

44 Praise.

D. A. Thrupp. Sir Joseph Barnby.



2 Sing of the wonders of his love,
And loudest praises give
To him who left his throne above,
And died that you might live.

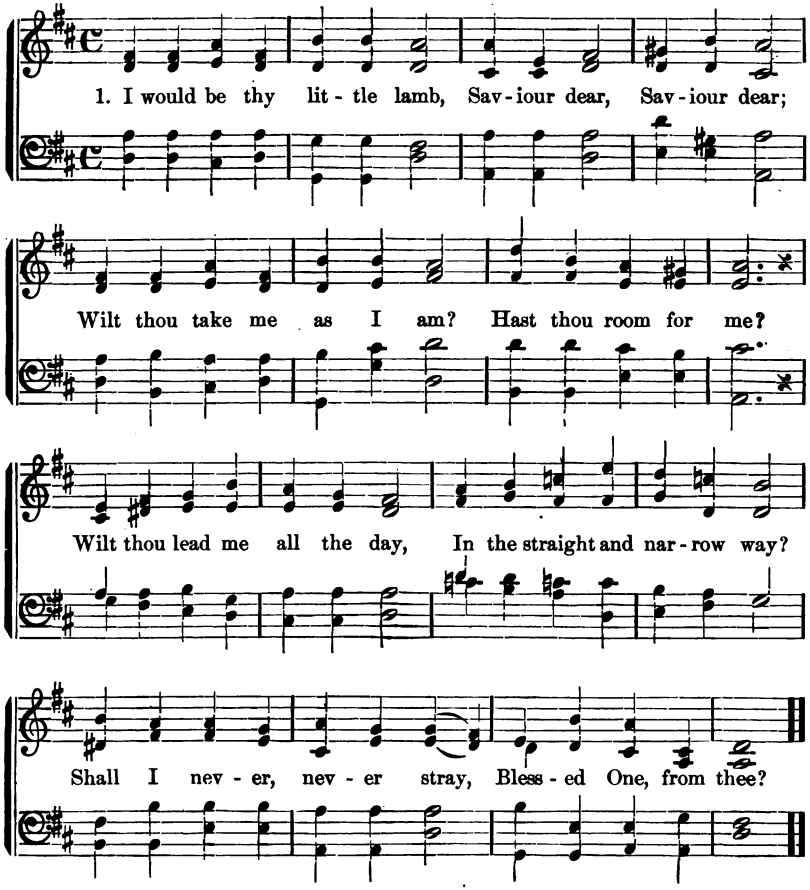
3 Sing of the wonders of his truth,
And read in every page
The promise made to earliest youth,
Fulfilled to latest age.

4 Sing of the wonders of his power,
Who with his own right arm
Upholds and keeps you hour by hour,
And shields from every harm.

5 Sing of the wonders of his grace,
Who made and keeps you his,
And guides you to th' appointed place,
At his right hand in bliss.

45 I Would be Thy Little Lamb.

JOHN ADCOCK.



2 When I breathe my simple prayer,
Thou art near, very near;
When I ask thy tender care,
Thou wilt look on me;
Softly in my heart I know,
'Tis thy voice that murmurs low,
"Come, I'll wash thee white as snow,
Child, I died for thee."

3 Didst thou lay thy glory by,
Saviour mine, Saviour mine?
Didst thou suffer, bleed, and die,
For a child like me?
Gladly I will come to-day:
From thy love I cannot stay;
All along the heavenly way
I will follow thee.

46 Can a Little Child Like Me?

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE. W. K. BASSFORD.

1. Can a lit - tle child like me Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of thee,

Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;
For the earth in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth - er, and the rest;

Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:—
For thy precious, lov - ing care, For thy boun - ty ev - erywhere.

REFRAIN.

Father, we thank thee, Father, we thank thee, Father in heaven, we thank thee.

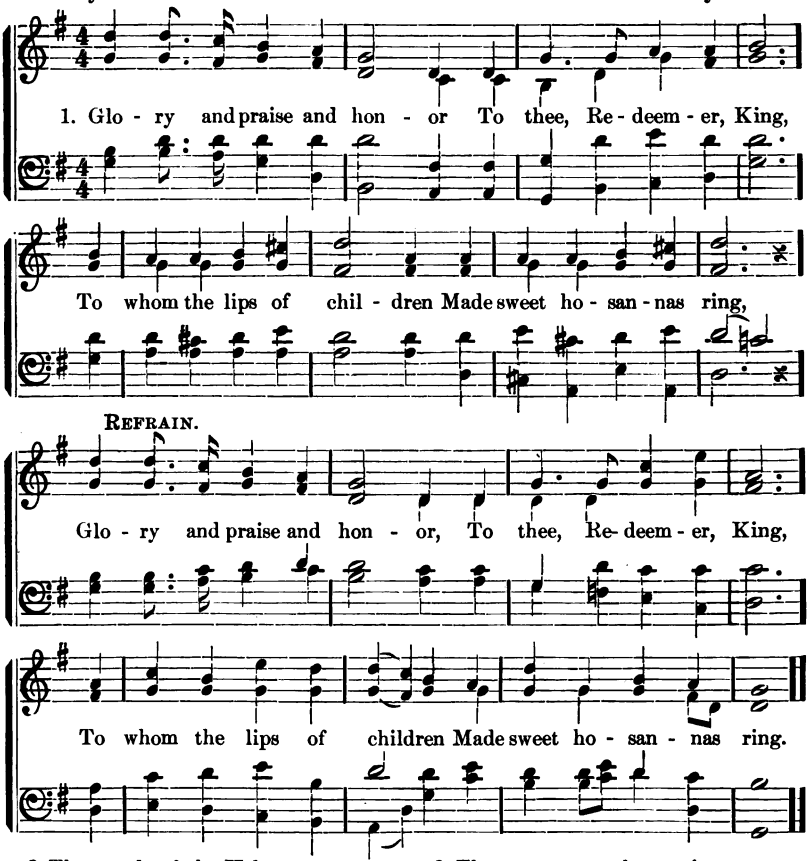
3 For the sunshine warm and bright,
For the day and for the night;
For the lessons of our youth,
Honor, gratitude, and truth;
For the love that met us here,
For the home and for the cheer.

4 For our comrades and our plays,
And our happy holidays;
For the joyful work and true,
That a little child may do;
For our lives but just begun;
For the great gift of thy Son.

47 Valens.

THEODULPH, Bp. of Orleans.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

Arr. from Catholic Hymns.



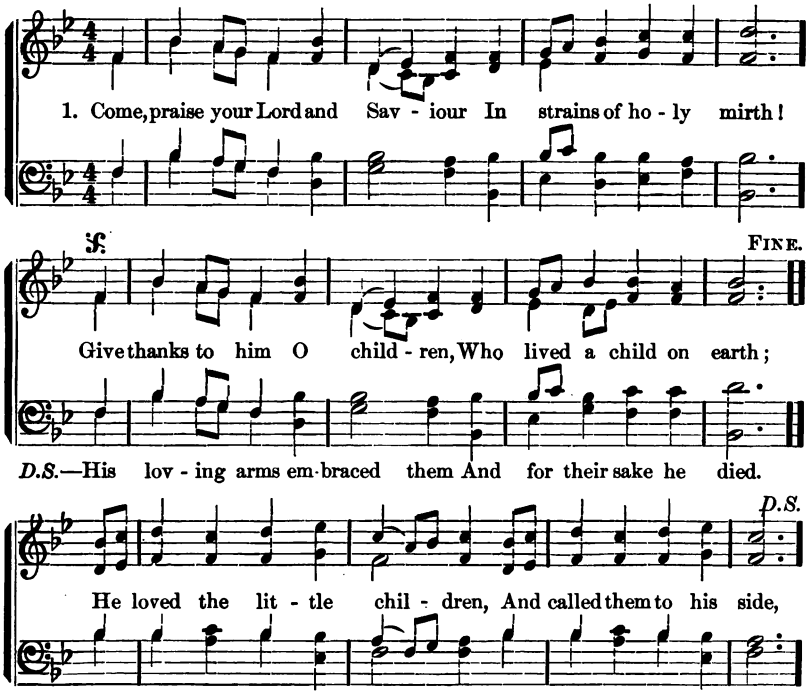
2 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

3 Thou wentest to thy passion
Amid their shouts of praise:
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.

4 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!

Ellacombe.

W. W. How. St. Gall's Coll.



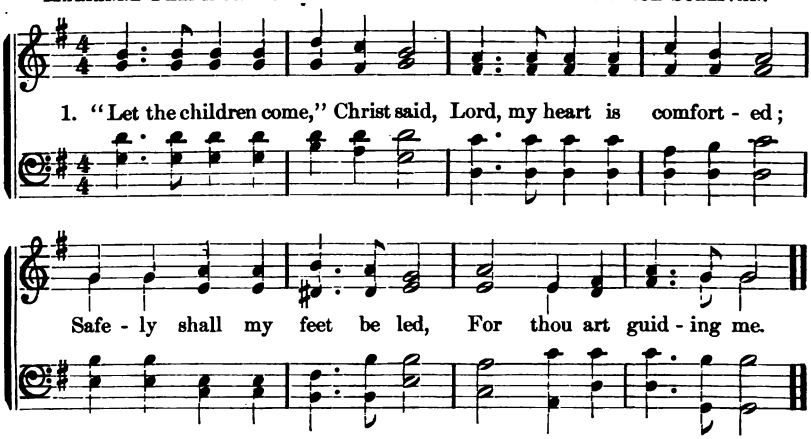
2 O Jesus, we would praise thee
With songs of holy joy;
For thou on earth didst sojourn
A pure and spotless boy.
Make us like thee, obedient,
Like thee from sin-stains free,
Like thee in God's own temple,
In lowly home like thee.

3 O Jesus, we would praise thee,
The lowly maiden's Son:
In thee all gentlest graces
Are gathered into one.
O give that best adornment
That Christian child can wear,
The meek and quiet spirit
Which shone in thee so fair.

4 O Lord, with voices lifted
We sing our songs of praise;
Be thou the light and pattern
Of all our child-hood's days;
And lead us ever onward,
That while we stay below
We may, like thee, O Jesus,
In grace and wisdom grow.

49 Thou Art Guiding Me.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

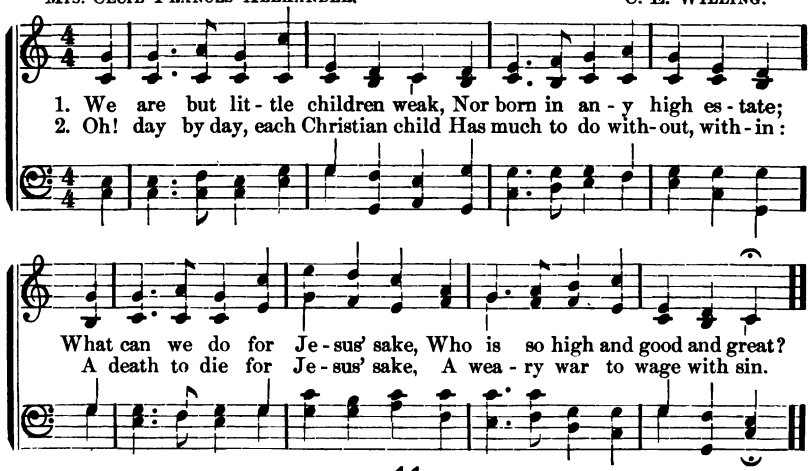


2 I am but a little one;
Nothing noble have I done;
No great victories have won;
Yet thou art guiding me.

3 Saviour! choose the path I take,
Help me evil to forsake,
Me thy little servant make,
While thou art guiding me.

50 Alstone.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. C. E. WILLING.



Alstone.—Concluded.

3 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes,—

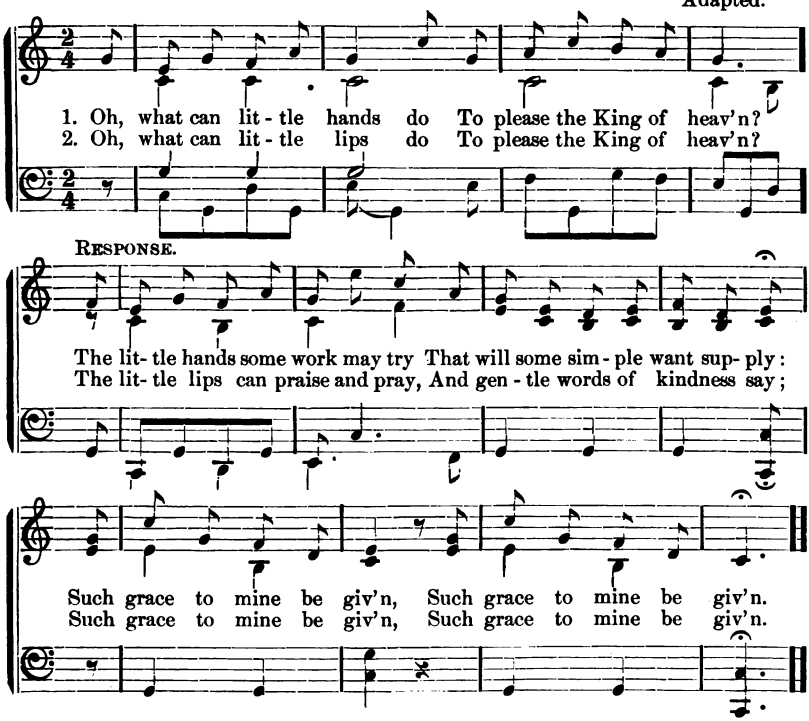
4 Then may we stay the angry blow,
Then may we check the hasty word,
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our Lord.

5 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind, good-humor brighten there,
And do all still for Jesus' sake.

6 There's not a child so small and weak,
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for Jesus' sake.

51 Oh, What Can Little Hands Do?

Adapted.

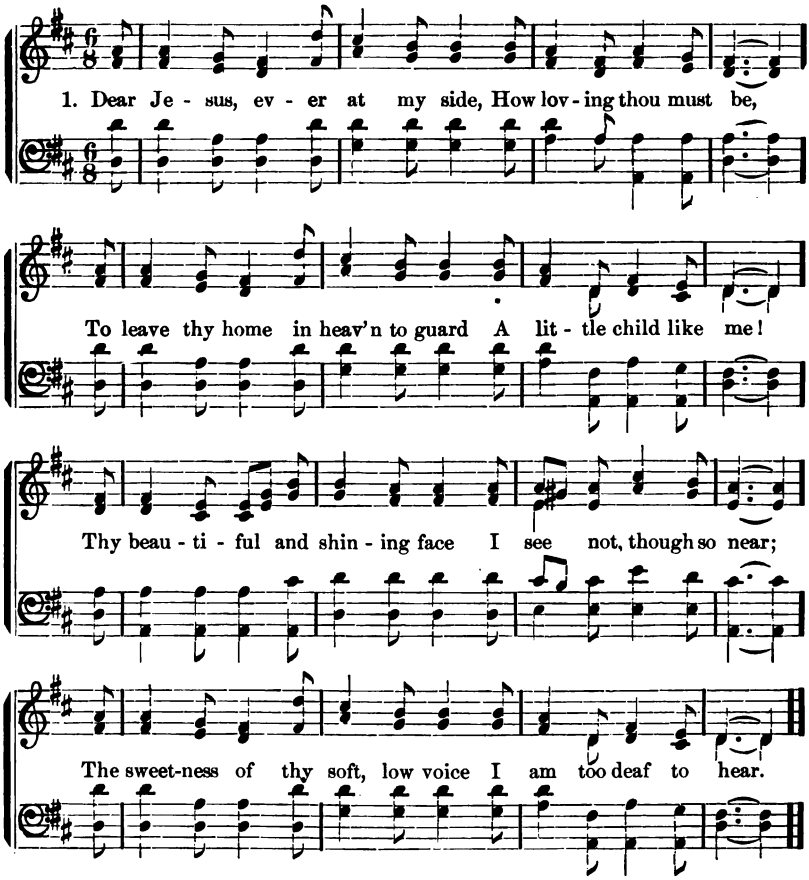


3 Oh, what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:
Such grace to mine be given,
Such grace to mine be given.

4 Oh, what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
Young hearts, if he his Spirit send,
Can love their Maker, Saviour, Friend:
Such grace to mine be given,
Such grace to mine be given.

52 Spohr.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER. LOUIS SPOHR.

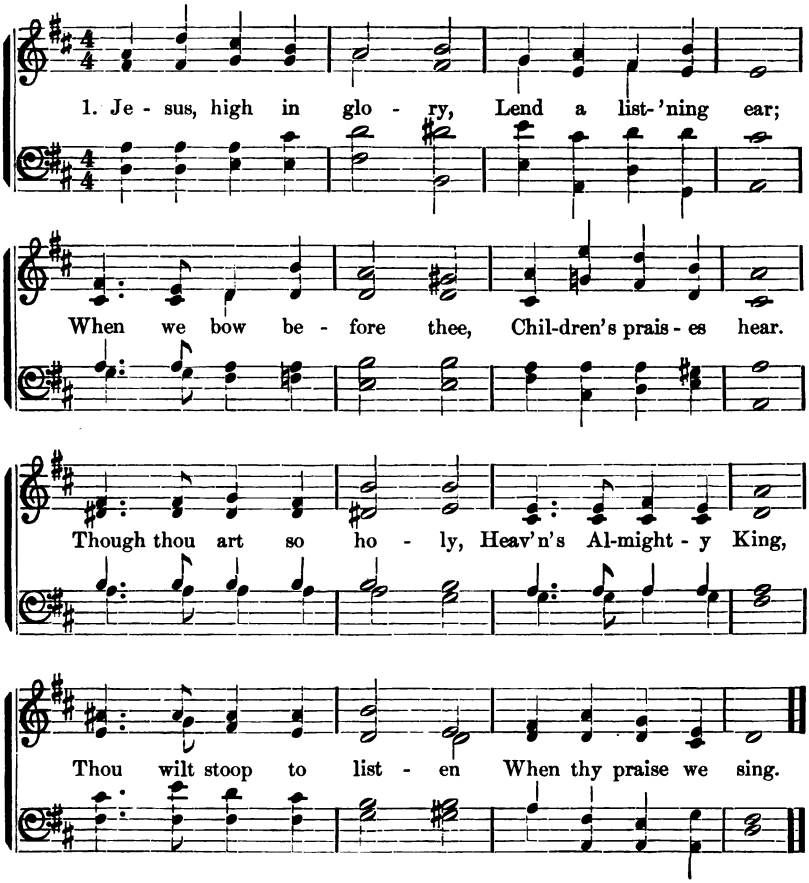


2 I can not feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:
But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

53 Jesus, High in Glory.

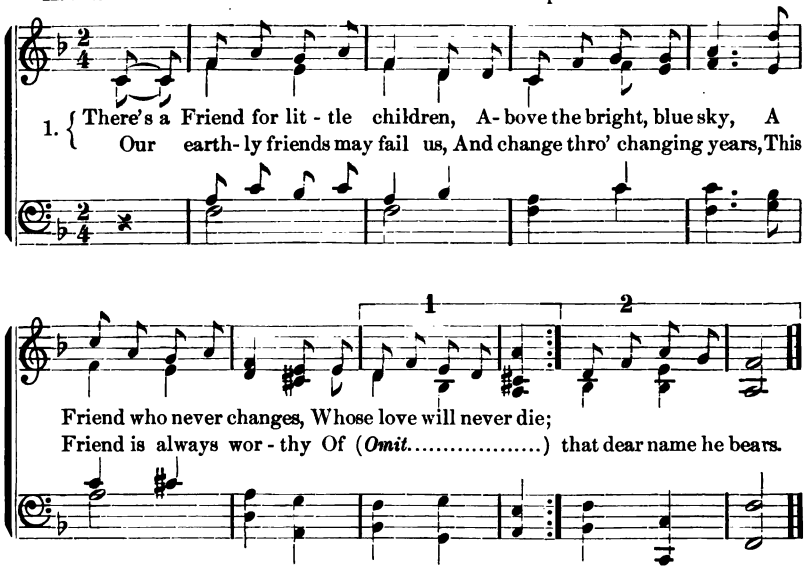
J. E. Clark. J. B. Calkin.



2 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.
Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee;
Take our sins away.

54 There's a Friend for Little Children.

A. MIDLANE. Adapted from the Swedish.



2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
Who love the blessed Saviour,
And to the Father cry;
A rest from every turmoil,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

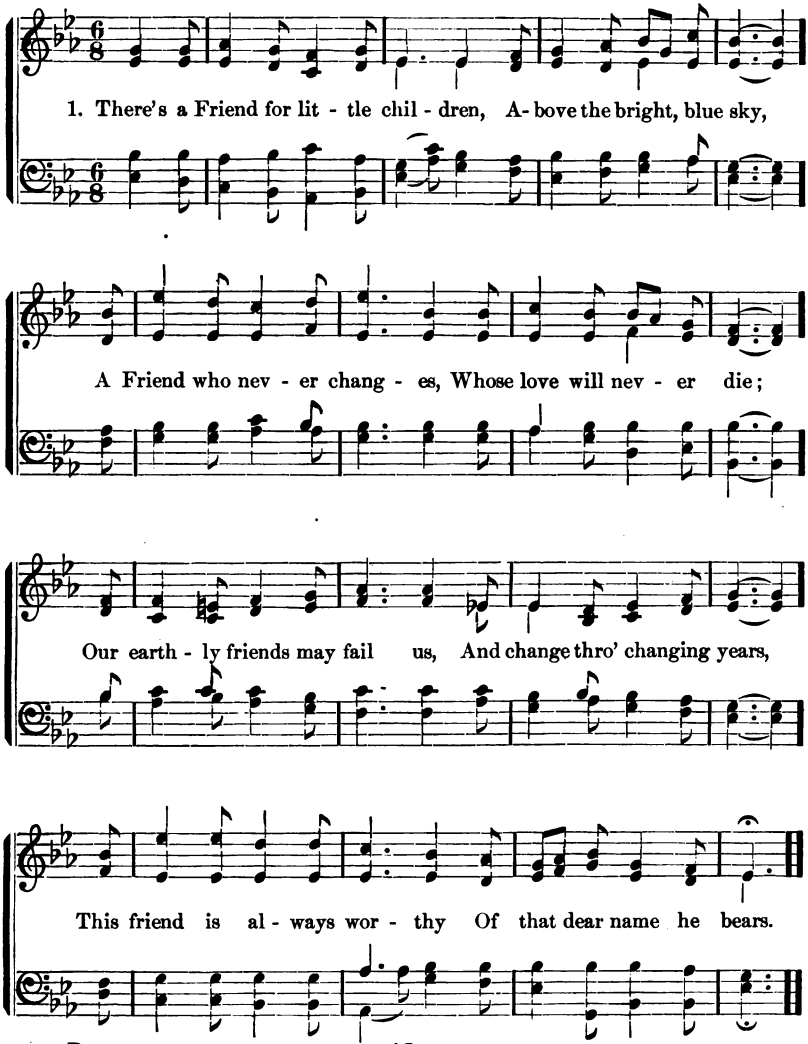
3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus,
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which he will then bestow
On those who found his favor,
And loved his name below.

5 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing,
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship him as King.

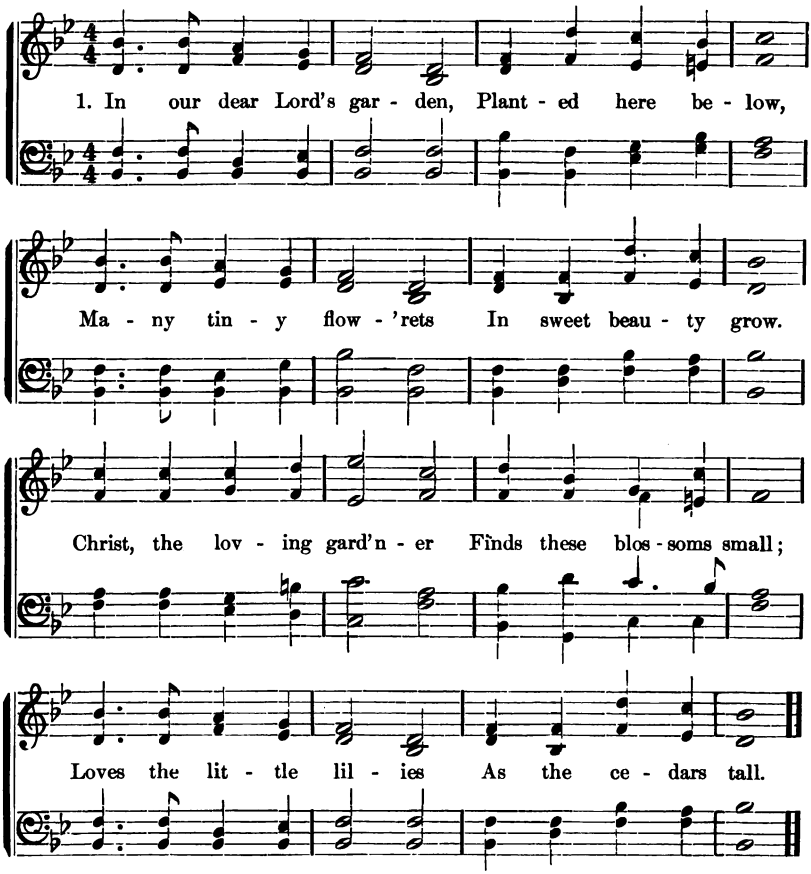
54 There's a Friend for Little Children.

A. MIDLANE. (Second Tune.) J. STAINER.



55 In Our Dear Lord's Garden.

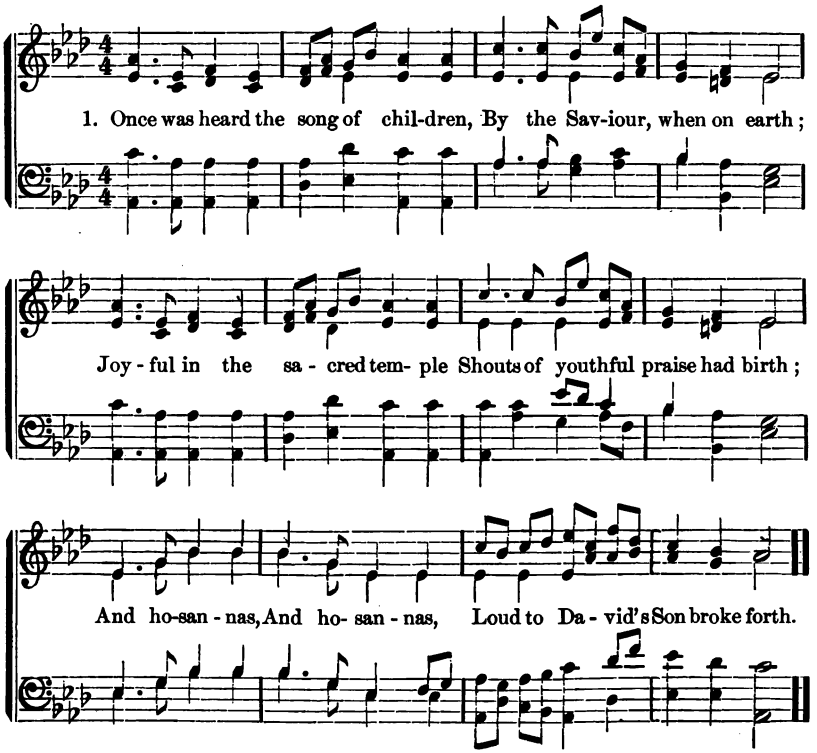
E. S. A.



2 Nothing is too little
For his gentle care;
Nothing is too lowly
In his love to share.
Jesus loves the children
Children such as we,—
Blessed them when their mothers
Brought them to his knee.

3 Jesus calls the children,
Bids them come and stand
In his pleasant garden
Watered by his hand.
Lord, thy call we answer;
Take us in thy care,
Train us in thy garden
In thy work to share.

Avé.

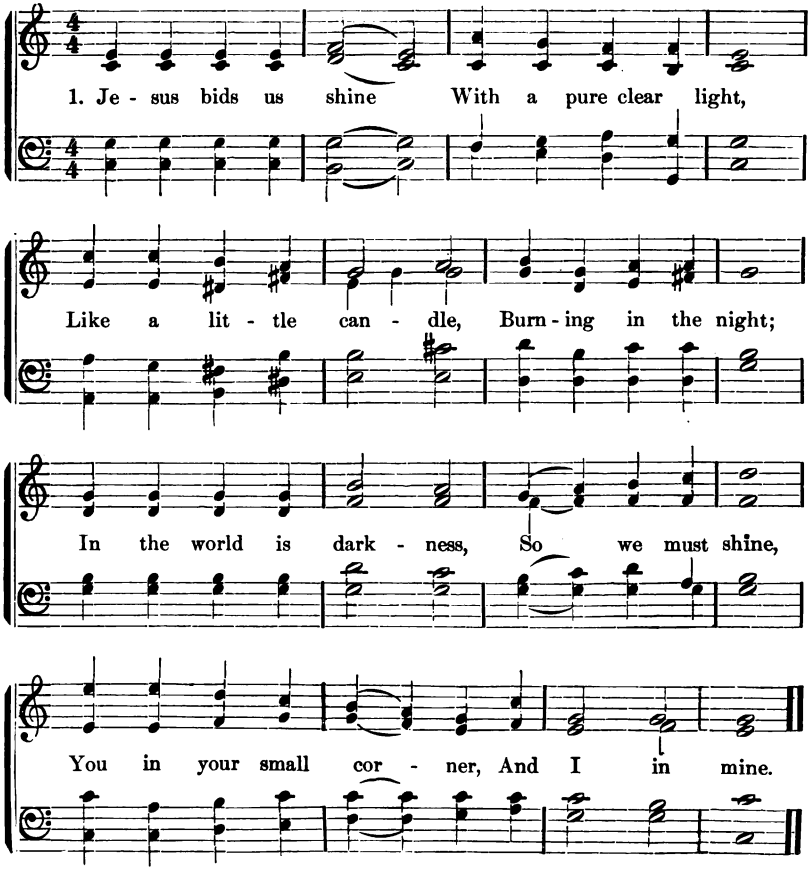


2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him.
In fair Salem's crowded street;
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 God, o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring:
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

57 Jesus Bids Us Shine.

EMILY H. MILLER.

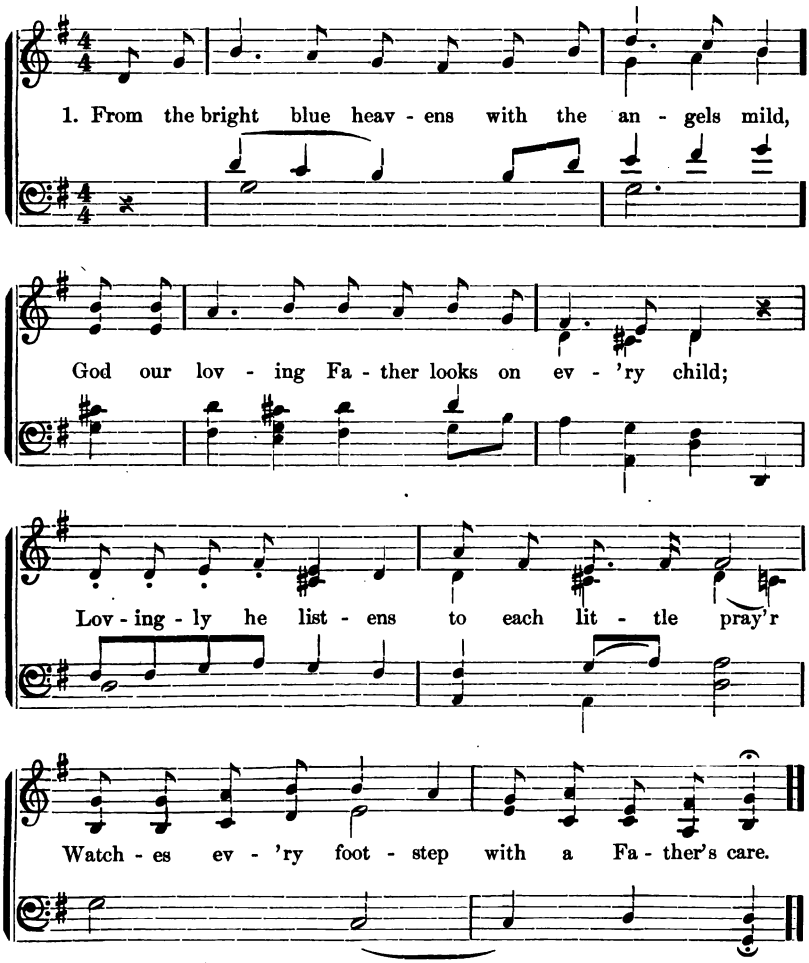


2 Jesus bids us shine
First of all for him,
Well he sees and knows it
If our light grows dim;
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine
Then, for all around;
For many kinds of darkness,
In the world are found,
Sin and want and sorrow;
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

58 God the Father in Heaven.

W. Hey. Reinecke.



2 With a Father's kindness gives him daily bread;
Shields from every danger every little head;
Tell all little children of this Father true;
Who will ne'er forsake them, if his will they do.

59 Thou Art My Shepherd.

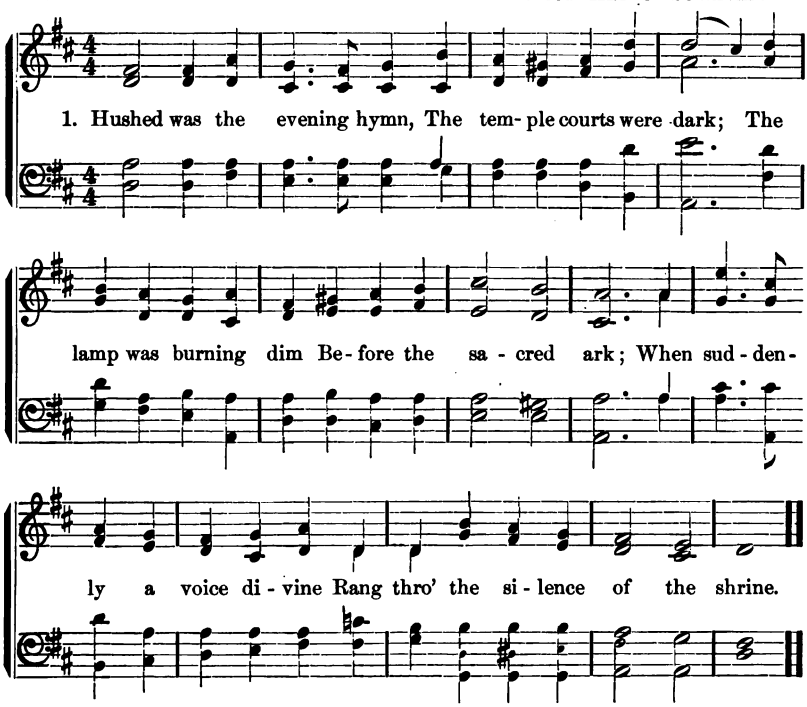
Miss Elsie Thalheimer. German.

1. Thou art my Shep - herd, Car - ing in ev - 'ry need,
Thy lit - tle lamb to feed, Trust - ing thee still,
In the green pas - tures low, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow,
Safe by thy side I go, Fear - ing no ill.

2 Or if my way lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify,
With sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid;
While softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid,
I fear no ill.

Samuel.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS. ARR. from ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

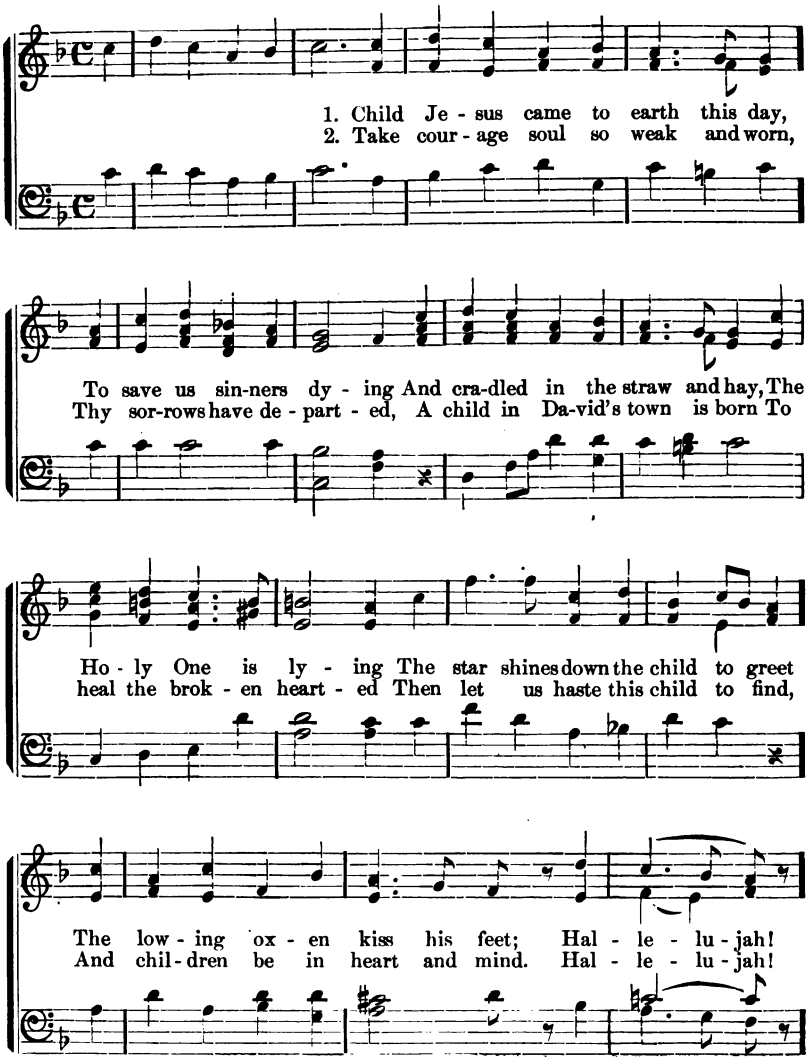
3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word;
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

4 O give me Samuel's mind
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

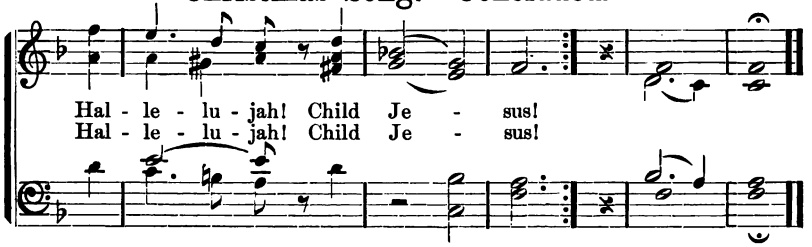
61

Christmas Song.

N. W. Gade.

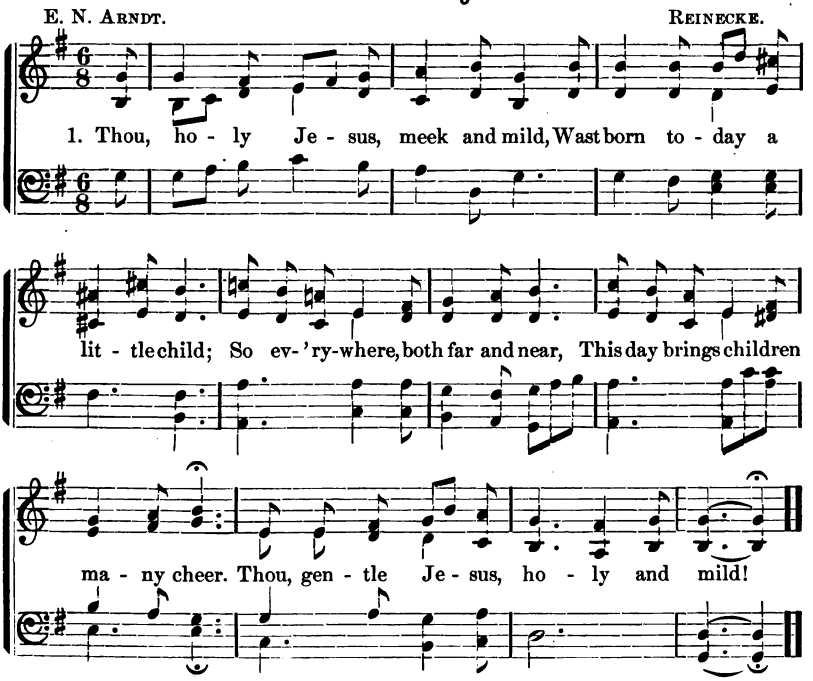


Christmas Song.—Concluded.



62 Christmas Hymn.

E. N. Arndt. Reinecke.

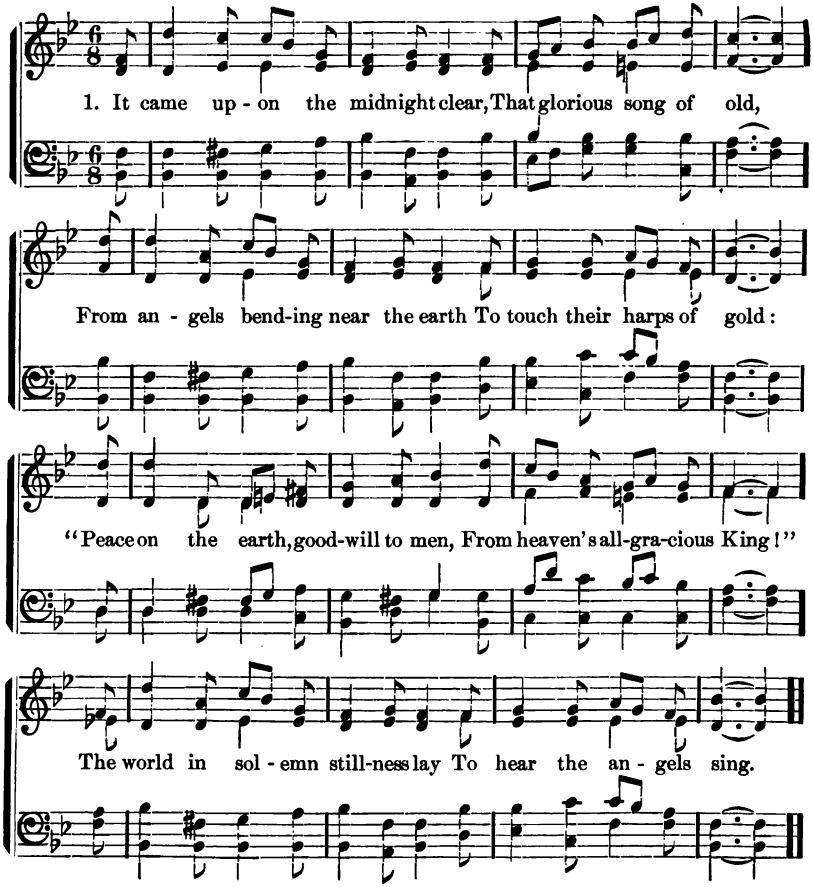


2 Though I'm but little, bless me still,
And guard my path from every ill;
Bathed in thy heavenly fountain clear,
Make my soul clean, thou Saviour dear.
Thou, gentle Jesus, holy and mild!

3 That I may be an angel too,
And only seek thy will to do,
Grant me but this, dear Saviour mine
To keep me humble, make me thine!
Thou, gentle Jesus, holy and mild!

63 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

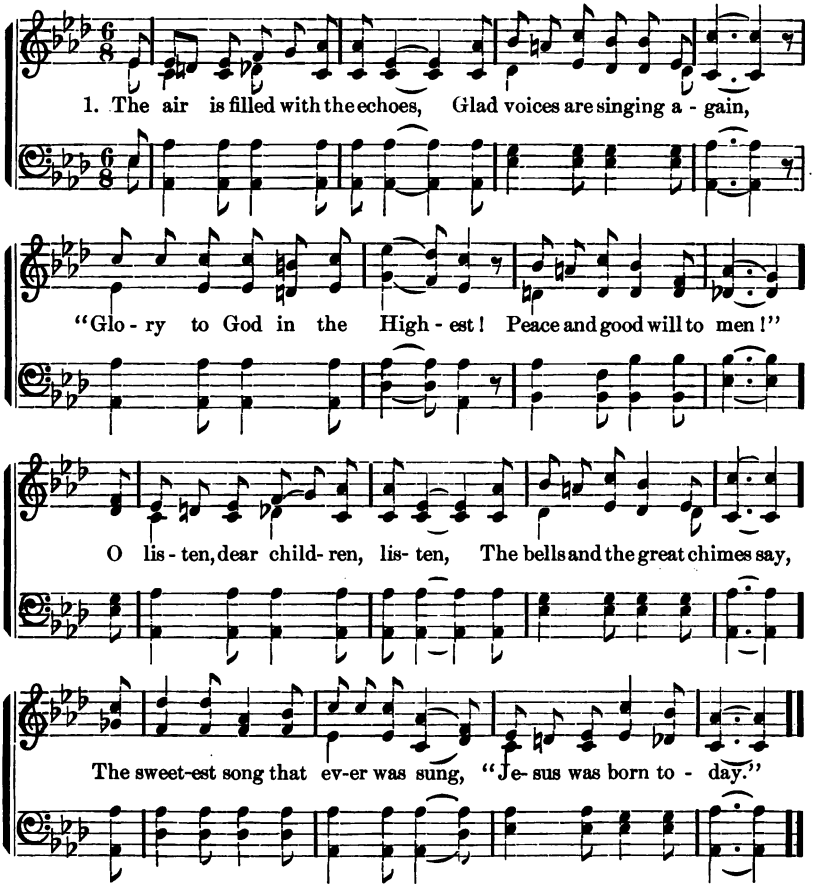
E. H. Sears. R. S. Willis.



2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

64 The Air is Filled With the Echoes.

MARGARET BRADFORD MORTON.



2 The world was dark and lonely,
Till the sound of his voice was heard;
And the hearts of the sad and lowly
Leaped at his lightest word;
And over the fields in their beauty
The lilies and birds of the air,
The tender love of the Father
He showed us everywhere.

3 An angel may praise him in heaven,
A child may sing upon earth,
With a joy that shall ring thro' all ages,
The story of Christ and his birth.
O listen, dear children, listen!
The bells and the great chimes say
The sweetest song that ever was sung
"Jesus was born to-day!"

65 Noël, Noël, the Christ is Born.

S. S. HARRY ROWE SHELLEY.

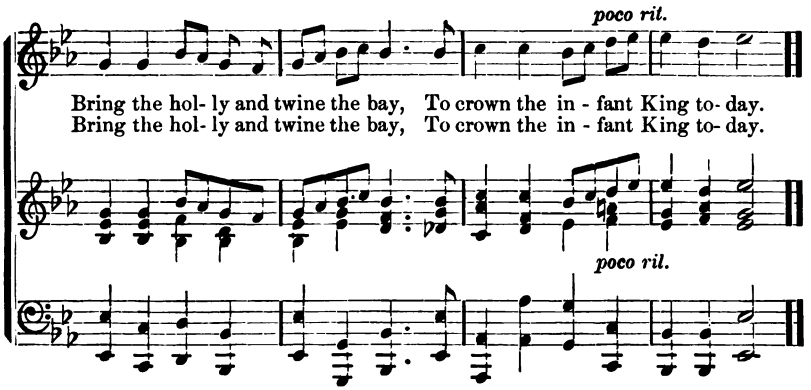
With spirit.

1. Chime the bells for the Christ is born; Shout the glad tidings, 'tis Christmas morn;
2. Send the news o'er the broad, round earth, Let nations hear of the ho - ly birth;

Tell it abroad o'er all the earth, Till the air rings with holy mirth, No-
With shout of praise and jubilant song, Let the words ring both loud and strong, No-

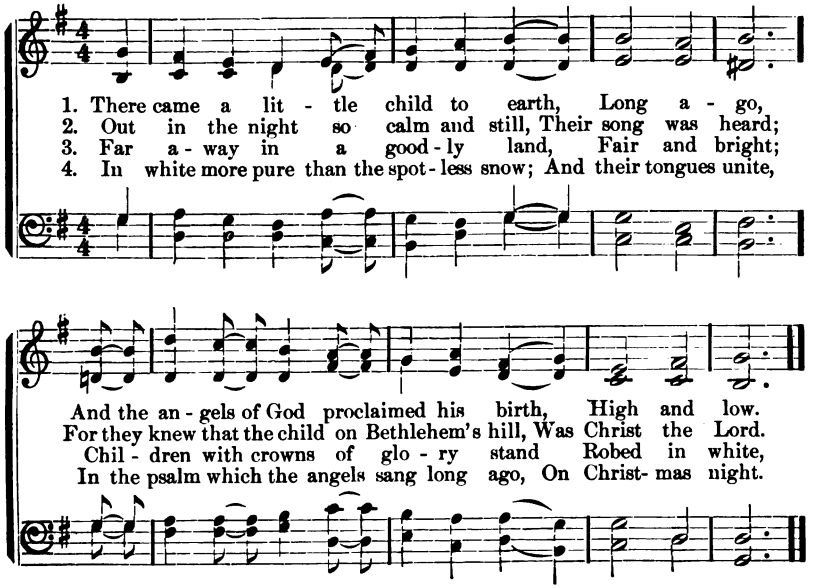
ël, No-ël, the Christ is born; Chime the bells from night till morn;
ël, No-ël, the Christ is born; Chime the bells from night till morn;

Noël, Noël, Christ is Born.—Concluded.

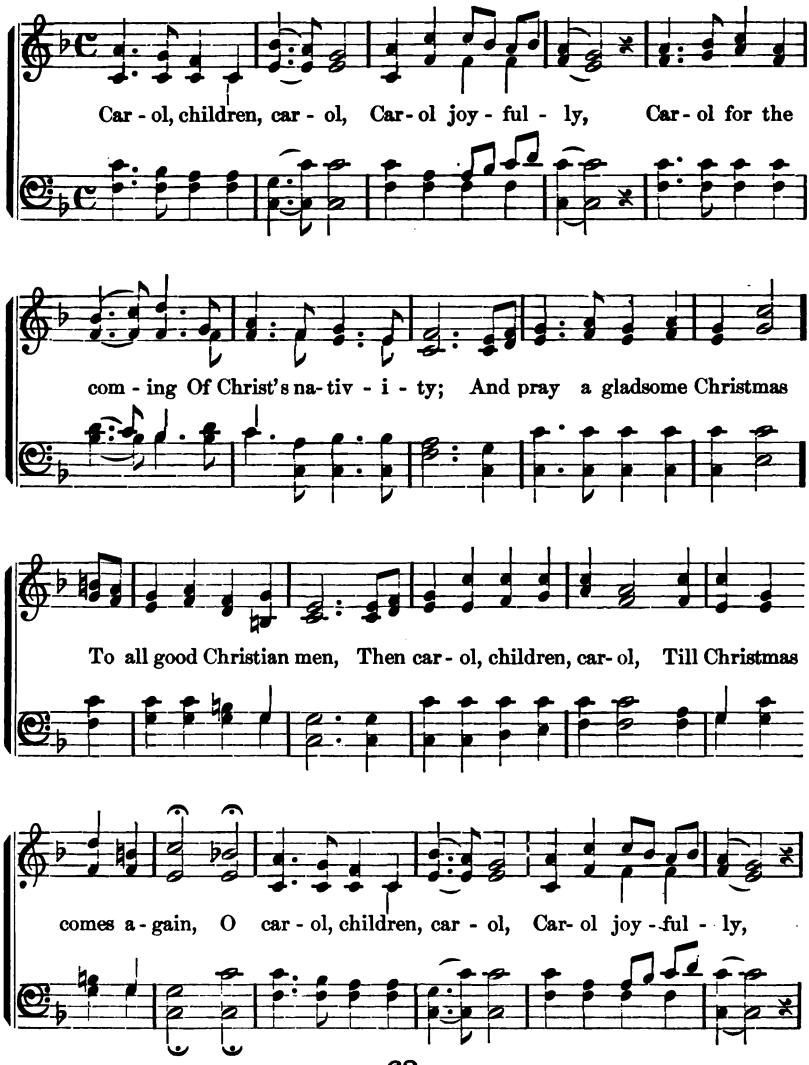


66 Christmas.

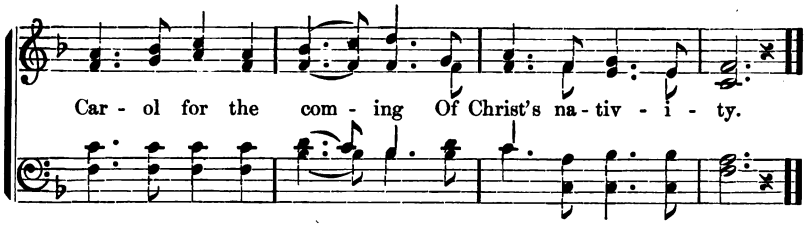
EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT R. N. MATTHEWS.



Carol, Children, Carol.

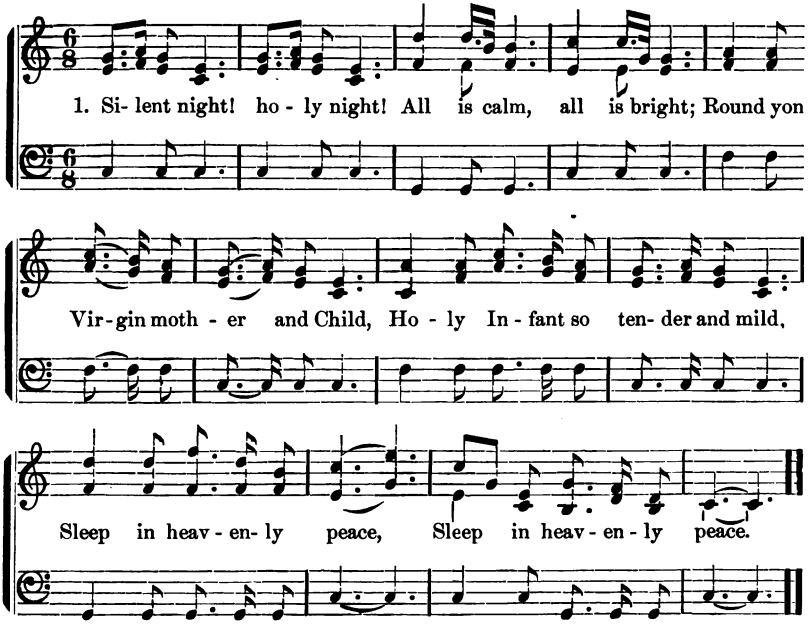


Carol, Children, Carol.—Concluded.



68 Holy Night.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

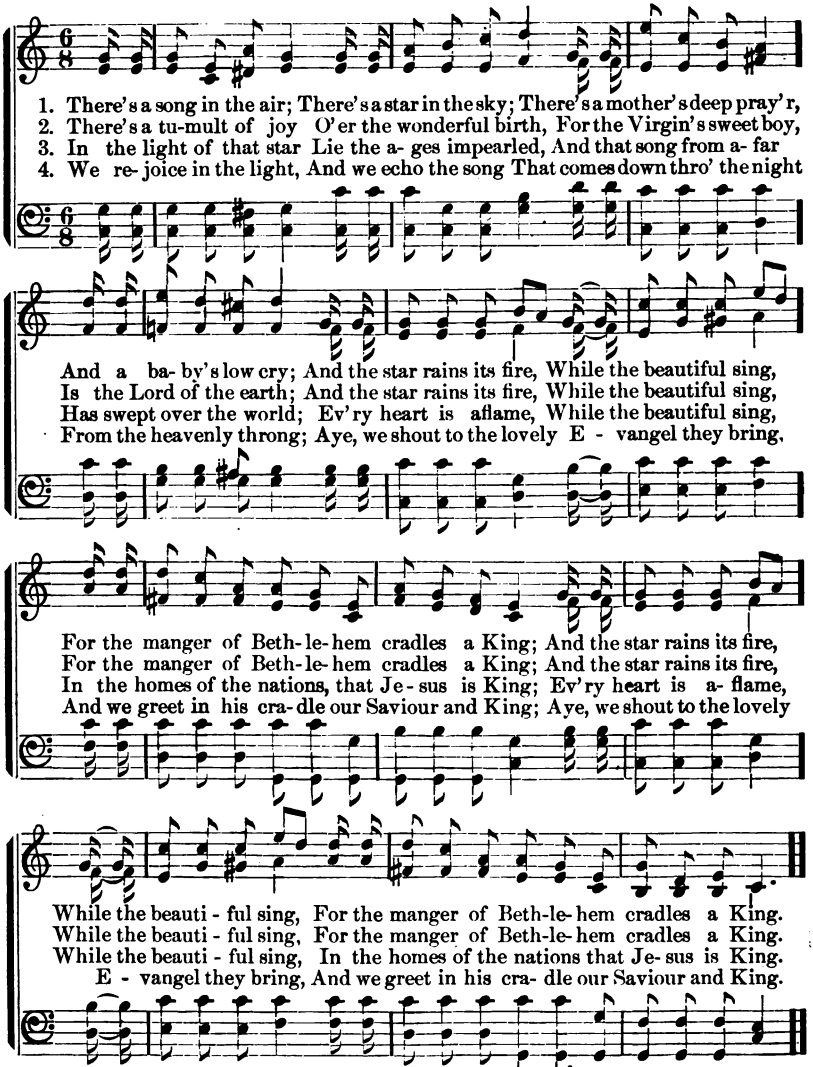


2 Silent night! holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight!
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia!
Christ, the Saviour is born!
Christ, the Saviour is born!

3 Silent night! holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth!

69 There's a Song in the Air.

Dr. J. G. Holland. Mardina-Emmelar.



A Christmas Carol.

C. A. D.

CARO. A. DUGAN.

Allegretto. mf

1. All the bells of Christmas Thrill the frost- y air, Ringing out glad

CHORUS.

ti - dings, Bringing vis-ions rare. Ring - ing, swing - ing,

poco rit.

All the bells of Christmas; Swinging, sing - ing, Christ the Lord is born!

f

2 Lo! the wond'ring shepherds
In the early dawn
Hear the angels singing—
"Joy, the Christ is born!"

3 See! a lowly stable
Shelters Mary mild,
At her feet the wise men
Kneel before the Child.

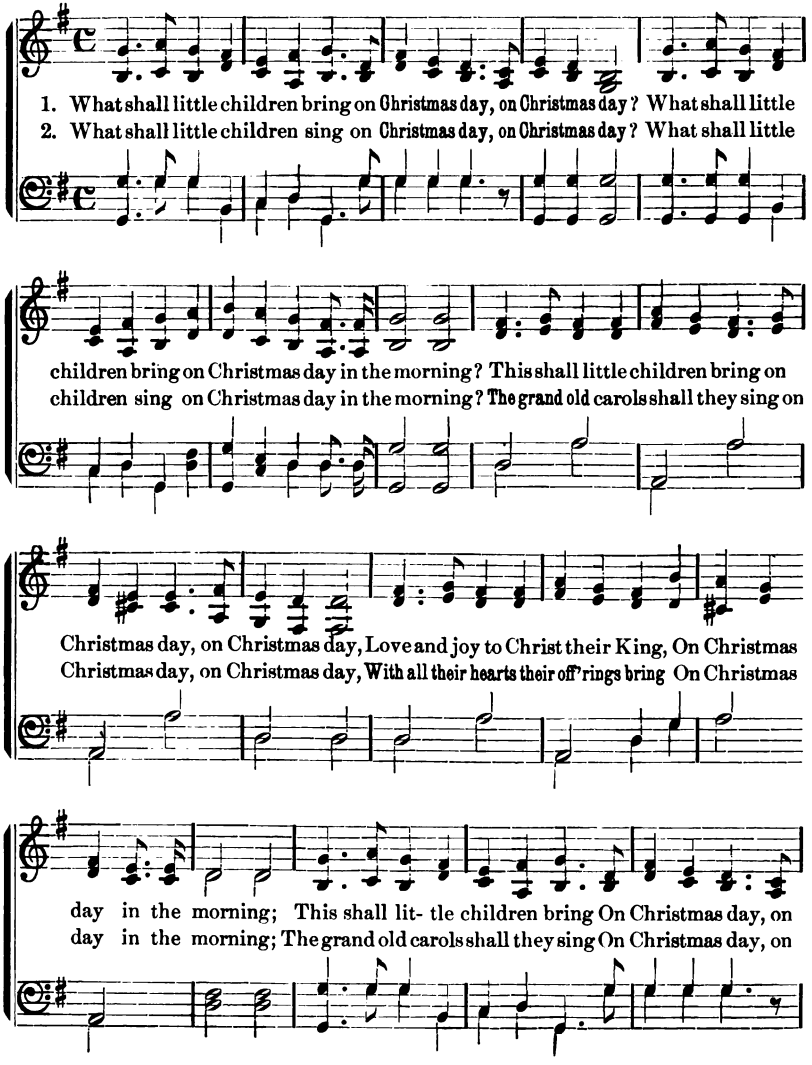
4 Hail! the wondrous birthday
Bells of Christmas, ring!
While our hearts responsive,
With the angels sing.

5 "Glory in the highest!"
It is Christmas morn!
Shout the gladsome tidings,
Christ the Lord is born!

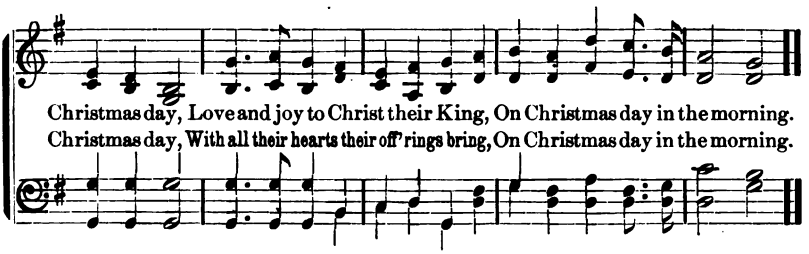
71

The Blessed Day.

MARY MAPES DODGE. D. BATCHELLOR.

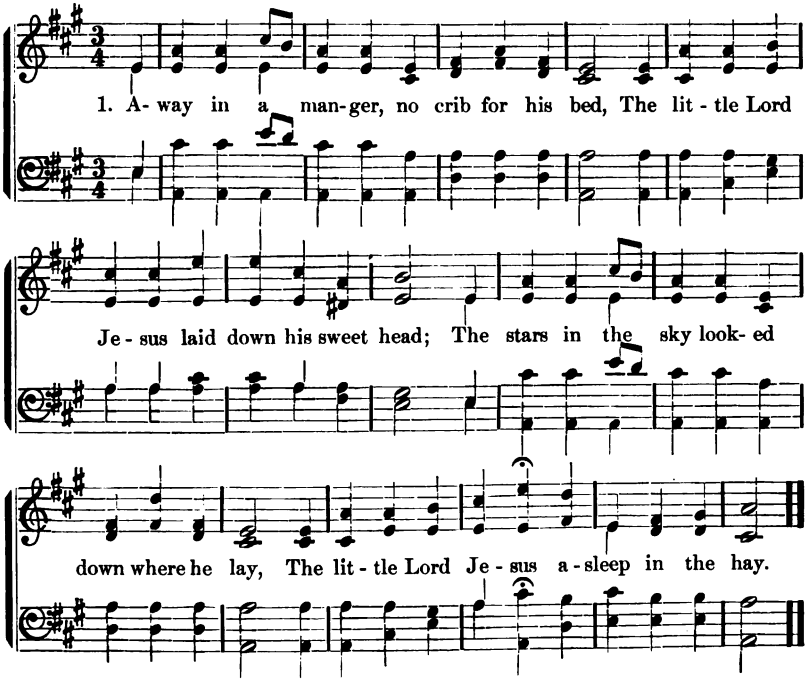


The Blessed Day.—Concluded.



72 The Christmas Manger Hymn.

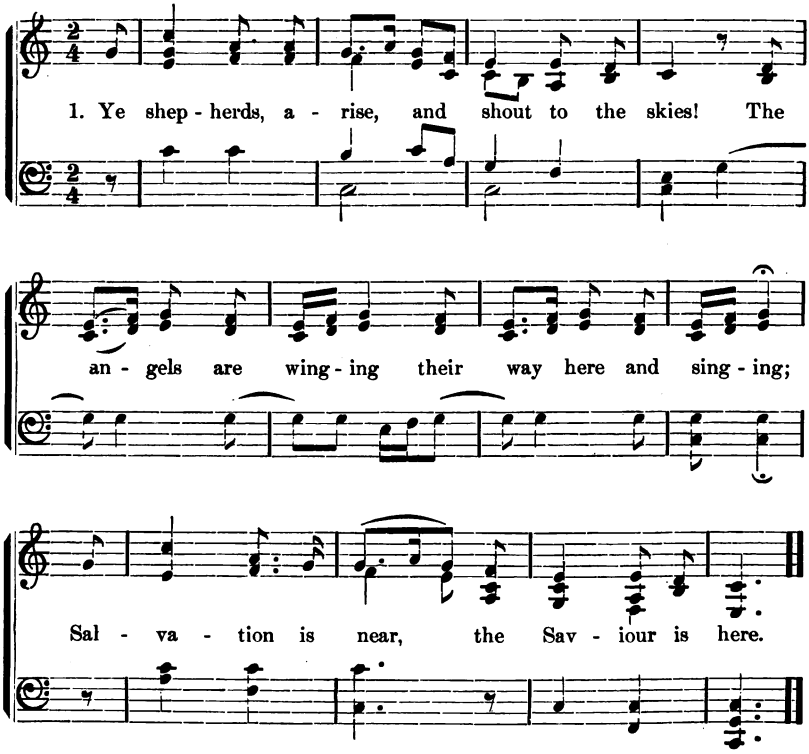
MARTIN LUTHER. J. E. SPILMAN.



2 The cattle are lowing, the poor baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus, no crying he makes.
I love thee, Lord Jesus, look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib, watching my lullaby.

73 Christmas Song.

REINECKE.



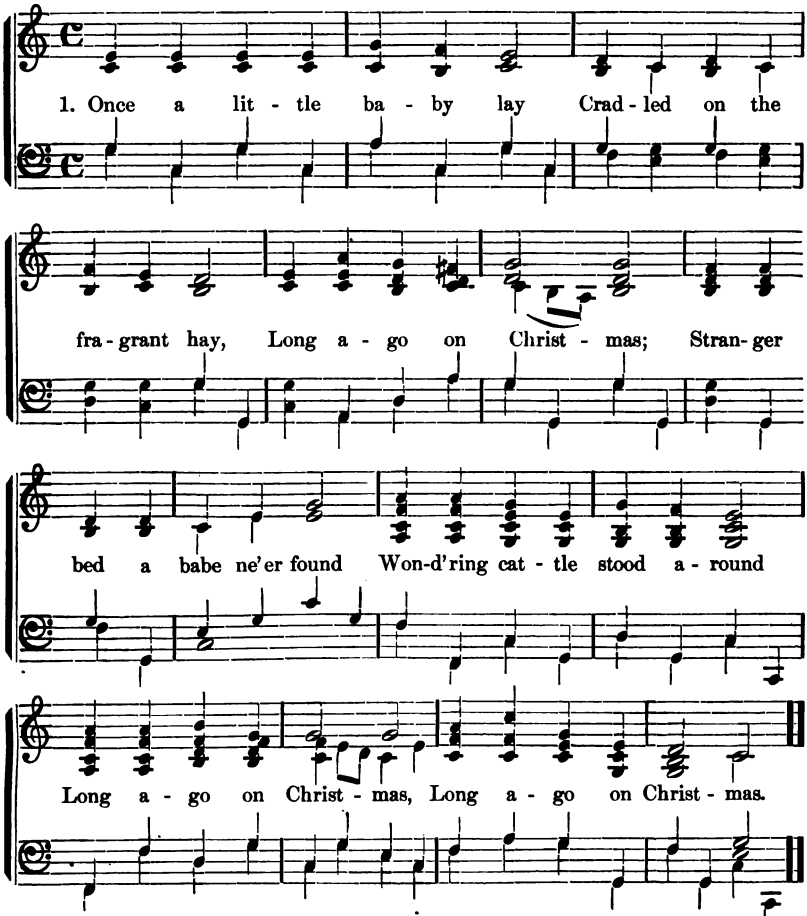
2 Come singing gay psalms, come singing gay psalms,
And come to the manger, to welcome the Stranger,
Who, born in a stall, is Lord over all.

3 As soon as this word the shepherds had heard
They sought the Appointed, the Lord, the Anointed,
And found in a stall, the Saviour of all.

4 They knew him the mild, the heavenly Child,
And fell down before him, all meek to adore him
And praised him in psalms, and praised him in psalms.

74 The First Christmas.

EMILIE POULSSON. MARGARET BRADFORD MORTON.

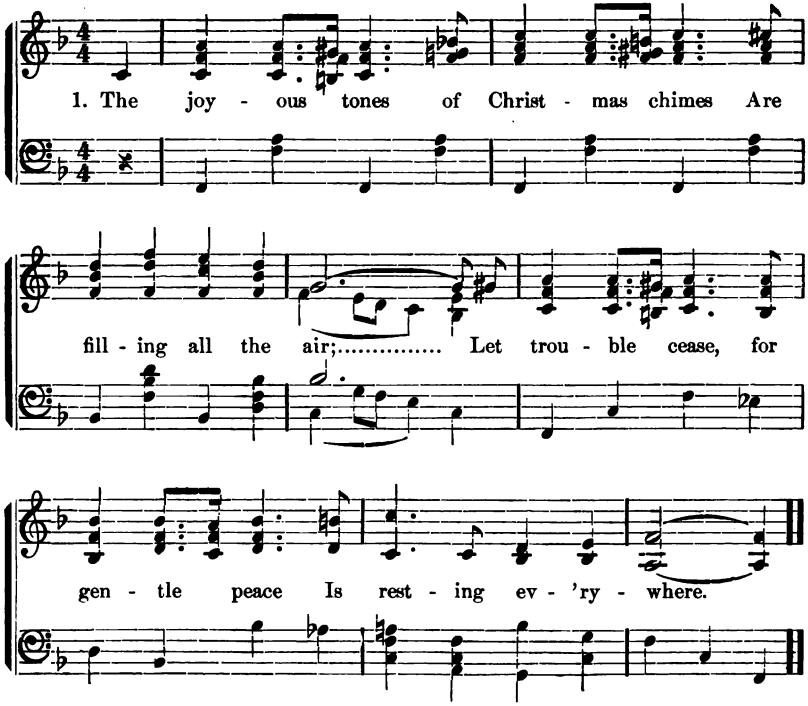


2 By the shining vision taught
Shepherds for the Christ-Child sought,
Long ago on Christmas;
Guided in a star-lit way,
Wise men came their gifts to pay,
Long ago on Christmas,
Long ago on Christmas.

3 And to-day the whole glad earth,
Praises God for that Child's birth,
Long ago on Christmas;
For the Light, the Truth, the Way,
Came to bless the earth that day,
Long ago on Christmas,
Long ago on Christmas.

75 Christmas Carol.

RUTH OGDEN. K. D. W.



2 "Good-will to all!" the lovely strain
Is ringing far and wide;
And all who will may feel the thrill
Of happy Christmas-tide.

3 Let loving words and loving deeds
Be ours this Christmas time;
On this bright day we children may
Ring out a Christmas chime!

4 A Christmas chime, a Christmas chime,
Ring out a Christmas chime,
On this bright day we children may
Ring out a Christmas chime!

76 When Christ was Born.

J. W. Tufts.

1. When Christ was born for you and me, In Beth - le-hem that fair cit - y,

An-gels sang there with mirth and glee, Angels sang there with mirth and glee,

Chorus.

In the high - est glo - ry, In the high-est glo - ry,
"*In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a,*

rit.

In the high - est glo - ry, Peace on earth good will to men.
In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a, In ex - cel - sis Glo - ri - a."

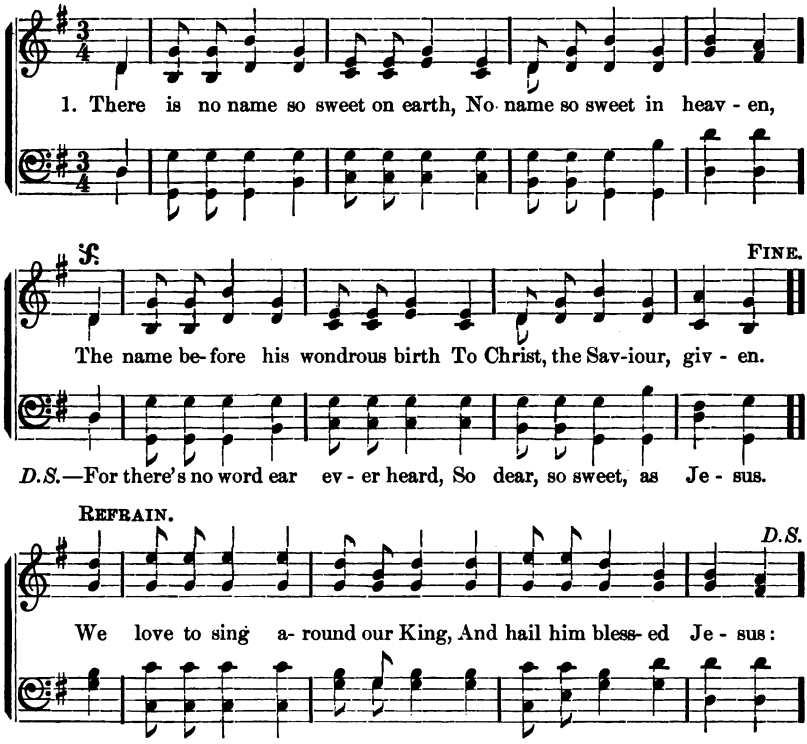
2 The herdsman saw these angels bright,
To them appearing with great light,
Who said God's Son is born to-night,
Who said God's Son is born to-night.

3 The King is come to save mankind,
As in the Scripture truths we find,
Therefore this song we have in mind,
Therefore this song we have in mind.

Note.—In Chorus, either Latin or English words may be used.

77 The Sweetest Name.

Rev. Dr. Geo. W. Bethune. Wm. B. Bradbury.



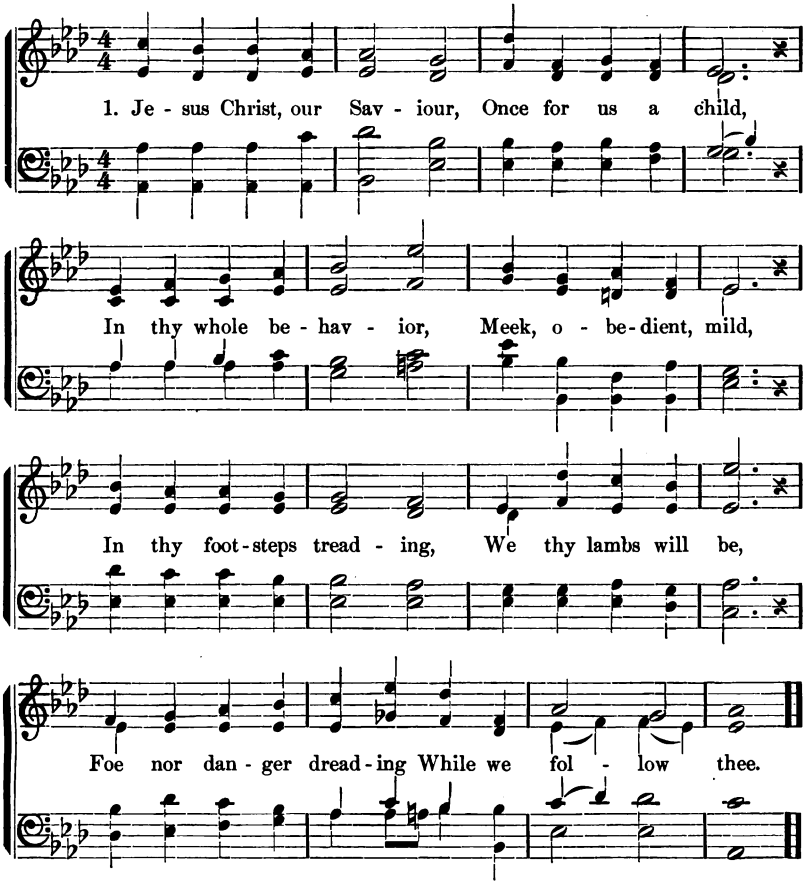
2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they seal'd him:
The name that still by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

78 Jesus Christ Our Saviour.

WILLIAM WHITING. E. H. J.

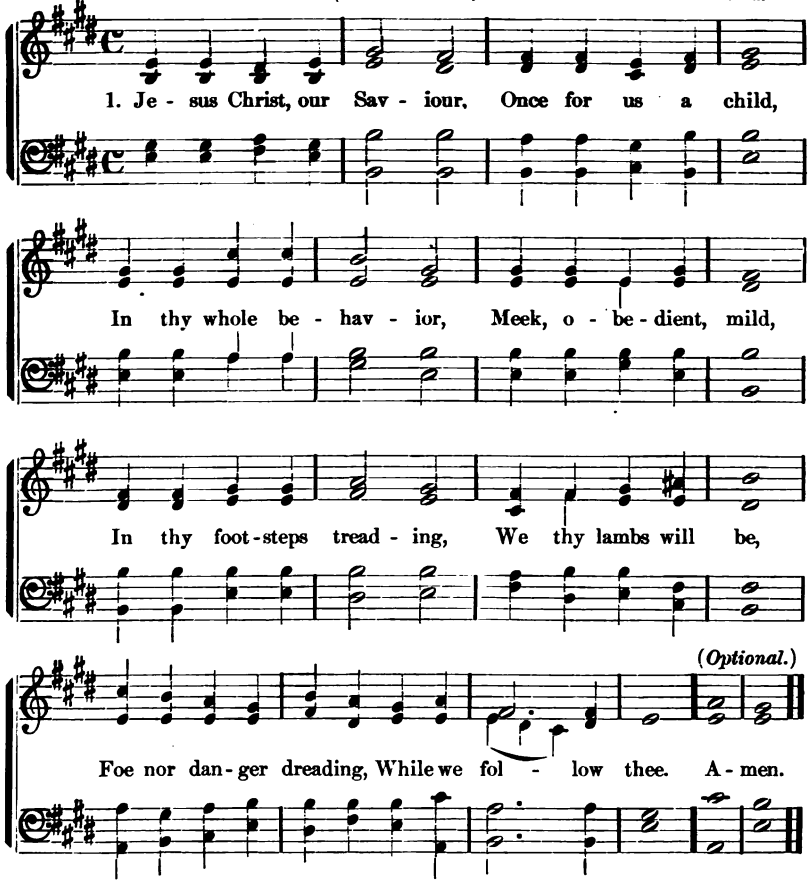


2 For all thou bestowest,
All thou dost withhold,
Whatsoe'er thou knowest
Best for us, thy fold;
For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till, in heavenly places,
We thy face shall know.

3 Let thine angels guide us;
Let thine arms enfold;
In thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost.

78 Jesus Christ Our Saviour.

WILLIAM WHITING. (Second Tune.) D. BATCHELLOR.



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Whatsoe'er thou knowest
Best for us, thy fold;
For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till, in heavenly places,
We thy face shall know.

3 Let thine angels guide us;
Let thine arms enfold;
In thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost.

79 Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. T. R. MATTHEWS.

1. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy king - ly crown, When thou
2. Heaven's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro -
3. Fox - es found their rest, and the birds had their nest In the
4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word That should

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - lehem's
claim - ing thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly
shade of the for - est tree; But thy couch was the
set thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing and

home there was found no room For thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.
birth didst thou come to earth, And in great - est hu- mil - i - ty.
sod, O thou Son of God, In the des - erts of Gal - i - lee.
scorn, and with crown of thorn, Did they bear thee to Cal - va - ry.

REFRAIN.

O come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for thee.

80 I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story.

JEMIMA LUKE.

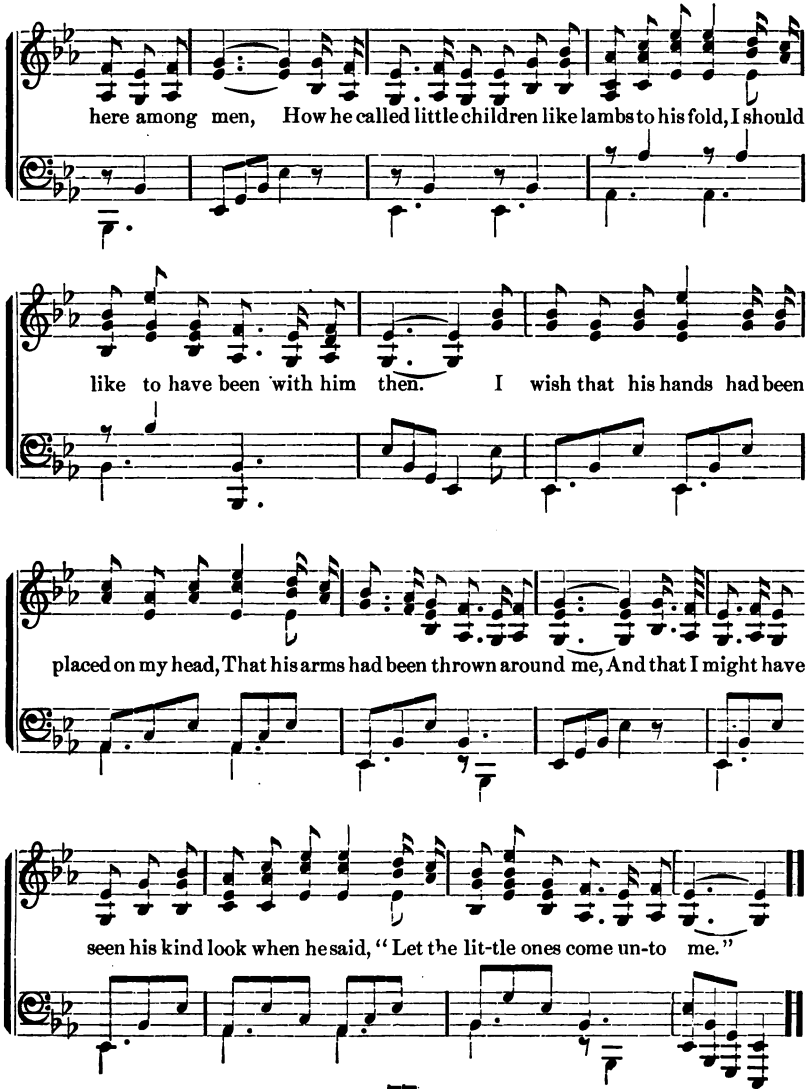
1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a-mong men, How he called lit- tle chil- dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown around me, That I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
3. Yet still to his foot- stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And if I thus ear - nest- ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

80 I Think, when I Read that Sweet Story.

(Second Tune.)

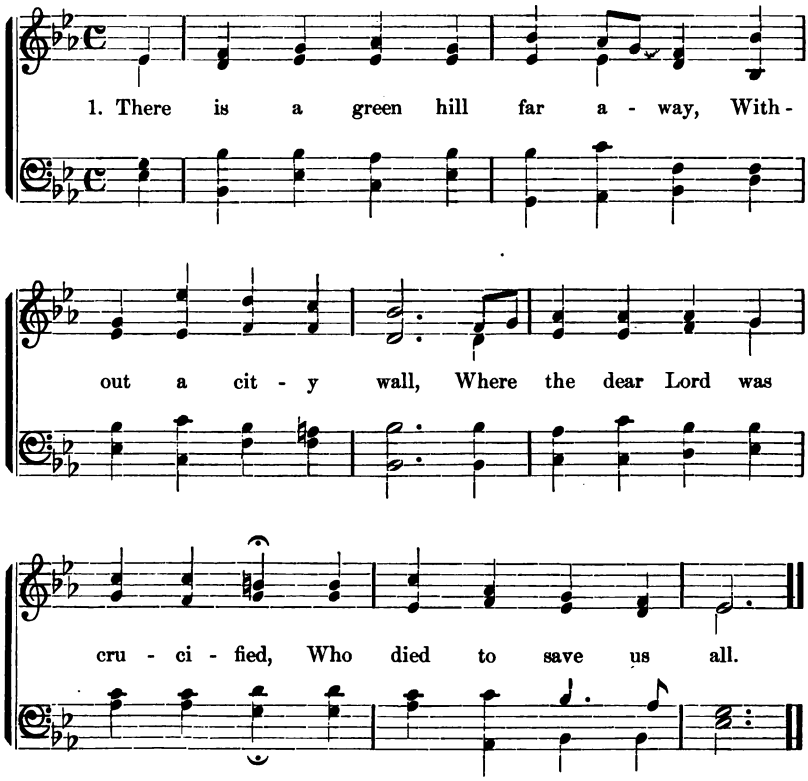
1. I think, when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was

I Think, when I Read.—Concluded.



81 There Is a Green Hill.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. W. HORSLEY.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

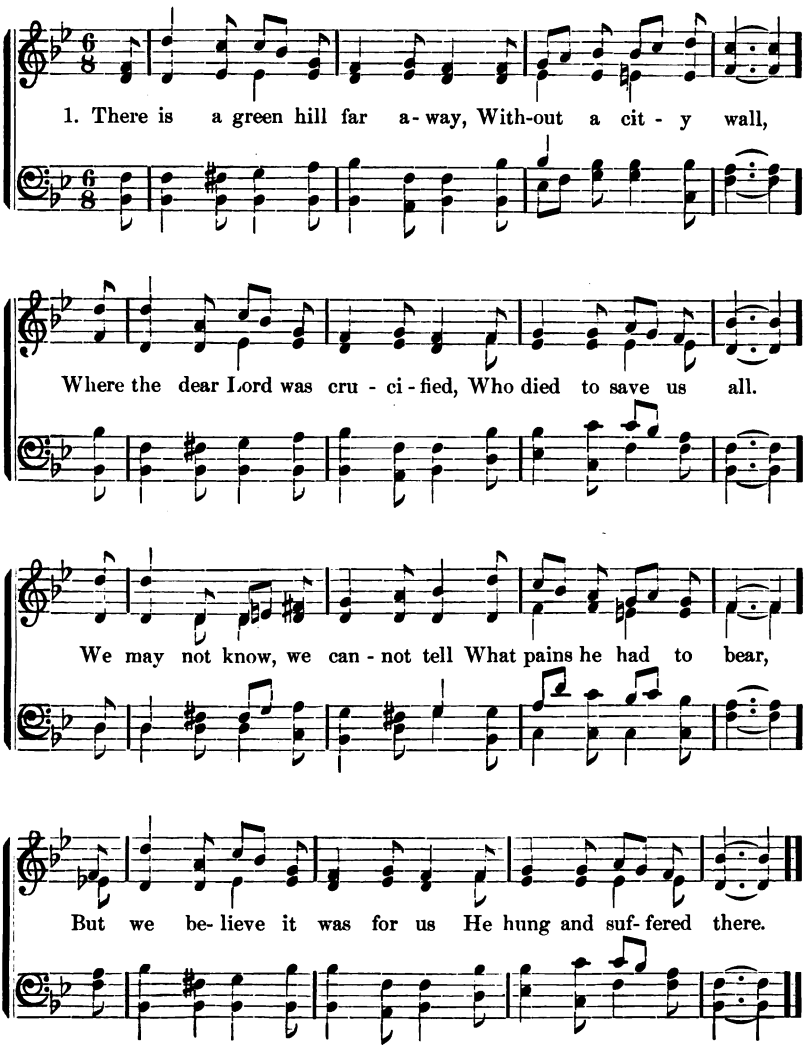
3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved!
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

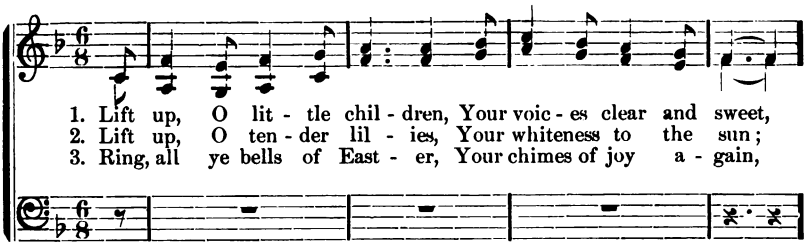
81 There Is a Green Hill.

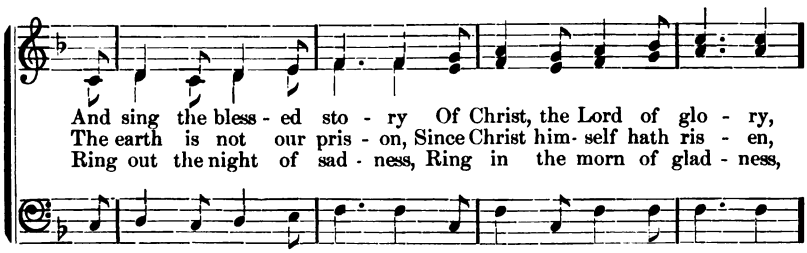
CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. (Second Tune.) R. S. WILLIS.

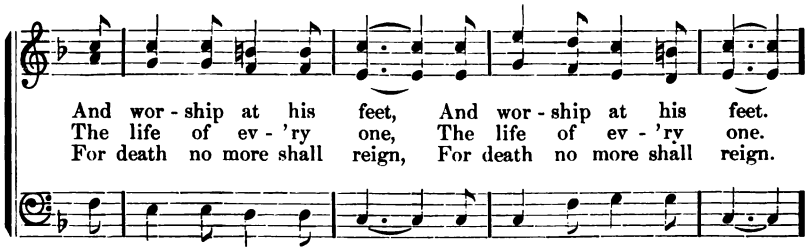


Easter Carol.

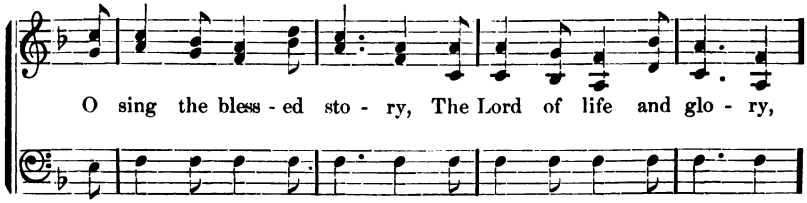
MARY A. LATHBURY. MRS. MARY C. SEWARD.





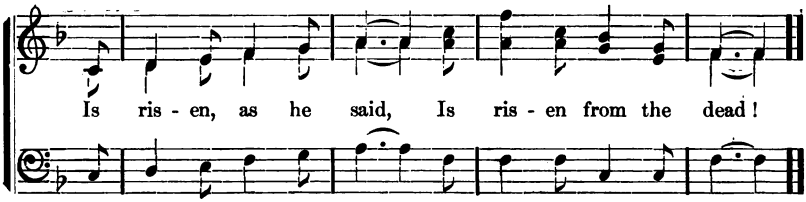


CHORUS.



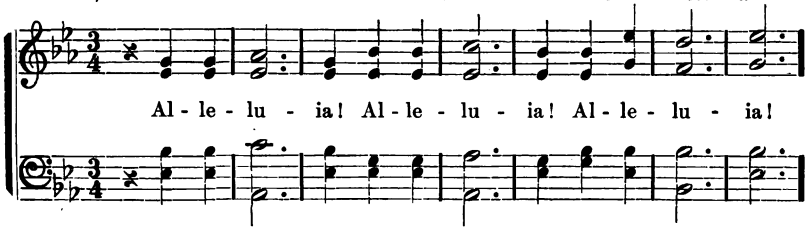
By permission.

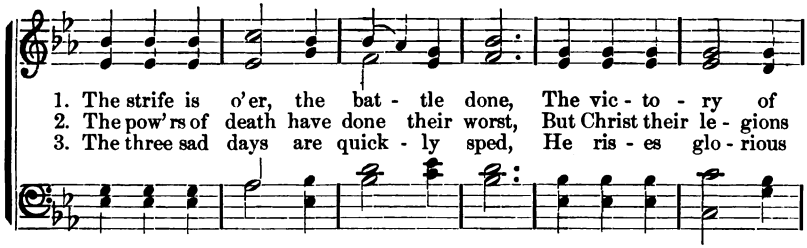
Easter Carol.—Concluded.

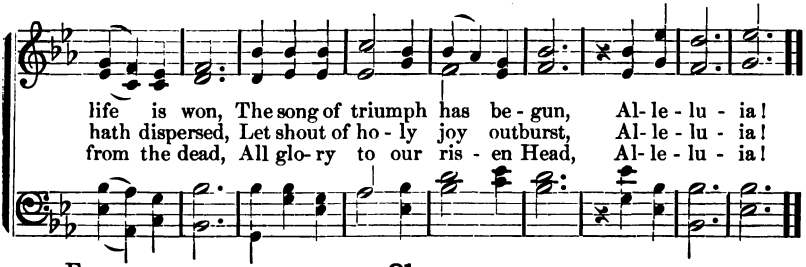


83 Palestrina.

Latin, tr. F. Port. Arr. from "Palestrina."







Easter Hymn.

LUCY LARCOM. D. BATCHELLOR.

1. Breaks the joy - ful East- er dawn, Clear -er yet and strong - er;
2. Roused from long and lone- ly hours, Un - der snow-drift chil - ly,

Win - ter from the world has gone, Death shall be no long - er.
In his hands he bring the flowers, Brings the rose and li - ly;

Far a - way good an - gels drive Night and sin and sad - ness,
Ev - ery lit - tle bur - ied bud In - to life he rais - es

Earth a- wakes in smiles a - live With her dear Lord's glad - ness.
Ev - ery wild flower of the wood, Sings the dear Lord's prais - es.

Easter Hymn.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Break the joy - ful East - er dawn Clear - er yet and strong - er

Win - ter from the world has gone Death shall be no long - er.

3 Open happy flowers of Spring,
For the sun is risen,
Through the sky sweet voices ring
Calling you from prison.

Little children dear, look up,
Toward his brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

85 Easter Hymn.

M. R. Adapted by M. R.

1. Our Lord is ris- en from the grave, And death no more hath sway,
2. The earth a-wakes from win - ter sleep, And flowers in bright ar - ray,

He lives al - might-y now to save, This glo - rious Eas - ter day.
Lift up their heads with us to keep This glo - rious Eas - ter day.

At Easter Time.

LAURA E. RICHARDS. REINECKE.

Andantino.

1. The lit - tle flow'rs came through the ground, At happy East- er time,
2. The pure white lil - y raised its cup, At hap - py East- er time,
3. 'Twas long and long and long a - go, That hap - py East- er time,

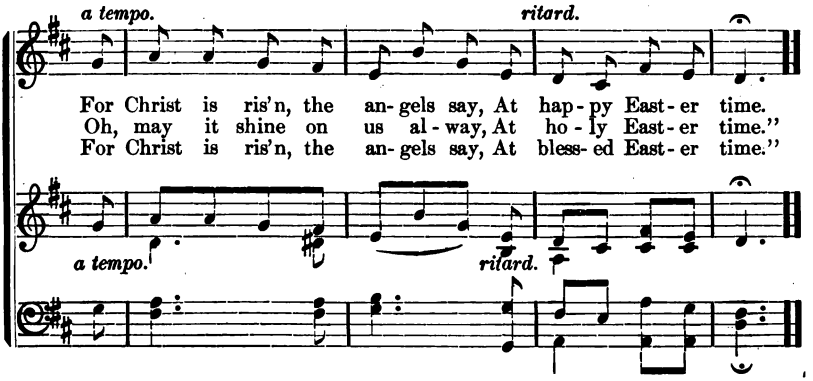
They raised their heads and look'd a-round At hap - py East- er time;
The cro - cus to the sky look'd up, At hap - py East- er time;
But still the pure white lil - ies blow, At hap - py East- er time;

poco ritard.

And ev - 'ry pret - ty bud did say, "Good people bless this ho - ly day,
"We'll hear the song of Heav'n," they say, "Its glo- ry shines on us to - day,
And still each lit - tle flow'r doth say, "Good children, bless this ho - ly day,

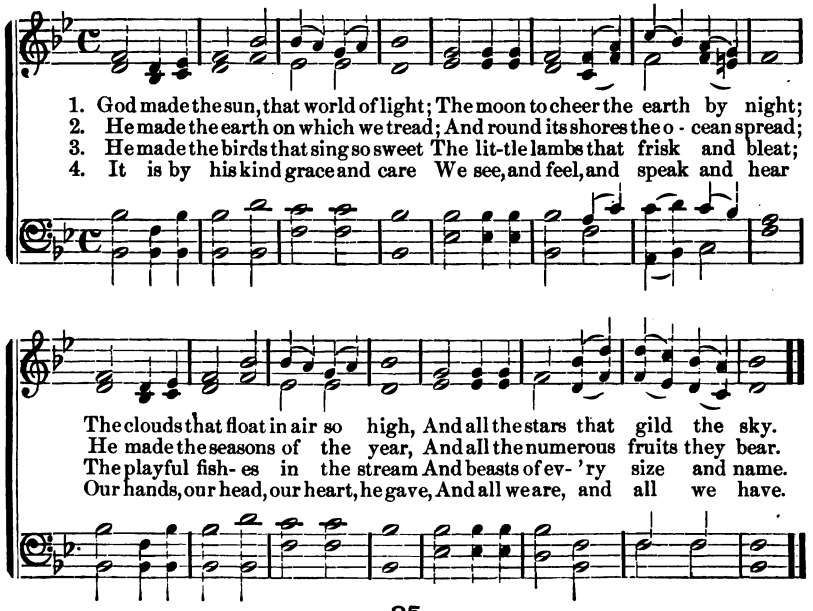
poco ritard.

At Easter Time.—Concluded.



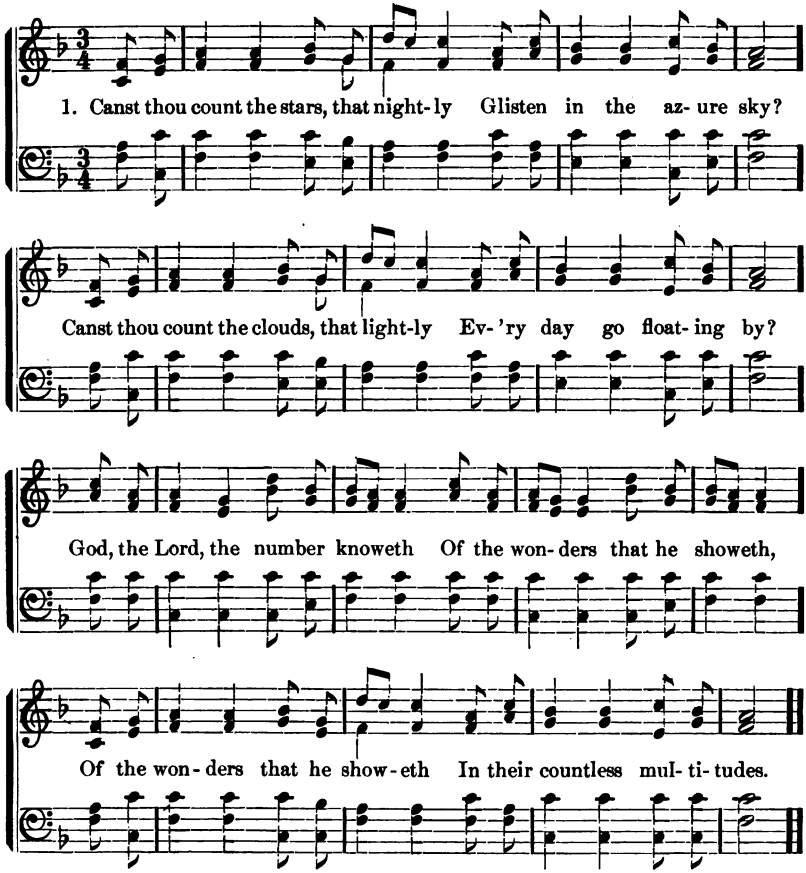
87 God Made the Sun.

BUCKWORTH. LOWELL MASON.



88 Canst Thou Count the Stars?

Words and music from the German.

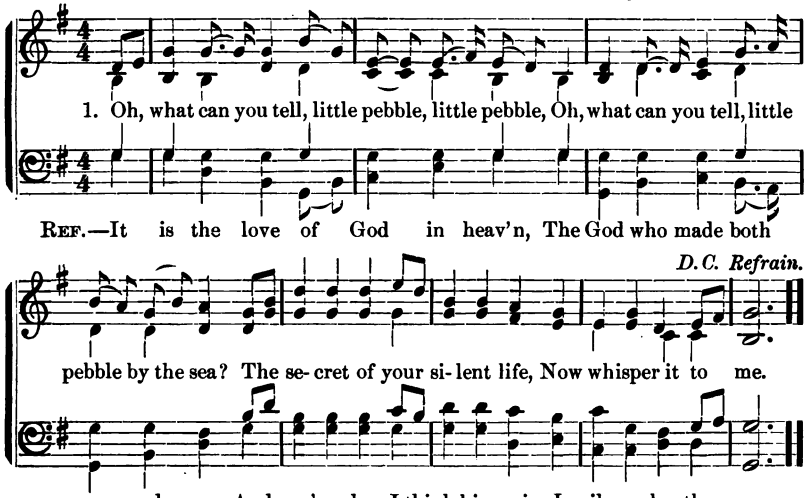


2 Canst thou count the insects playing
In the sunshine's golden light?
Canst thou count the fishes straying
In the sparkling waters bright?
God, the Lord, a name hath given
To all creatures under heaven,
To all creatures under heaven,
When he called them into light.

3 Canst thou count how many children
Go to little beds at night,
Sleeping there so warm and cozy
Till they wake at morning's light?
God, the Lord, each name can tell,
Knows them all and loves them well,
Knows them all and loves them well,
God, the Lord, each name can tell.

89 The Chorus of Praise.

R. W. Raymond. Arr. by J. C. Lowry.



2 Oh, what can you tell, little flower, little flower,
Oh, what can you tell, little flower on the lea?
The secret of your sweet perfume,
Now whisper it to me.

Ref.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
And every day I breathe his praise
In fragrance on the lea.

3 Oh, what can you tell, little bird, little bird,
Oh, what can you tell, little bird upon the tree?
The secret of your joyous song,
Now whisper it to me.

Ref.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
And every day I sing his praise
Upon the summer tree.

4 Oh, what can you tell, little child, little child,
Oh, what can you tell, little child upon my knee?
The secret of your happy smile,
Now whisper it to me.

Ref.—It is the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
And every day I seek his face,
Upon my bended knee.

Full Chorus.

Thus to the love of God in heaven,
The God who made both you and me;
The praise of all things here is given,
And evermore shall be.

90 Little Modest Violet Blue.

FANNY CROSBY. From "New Shining Star."

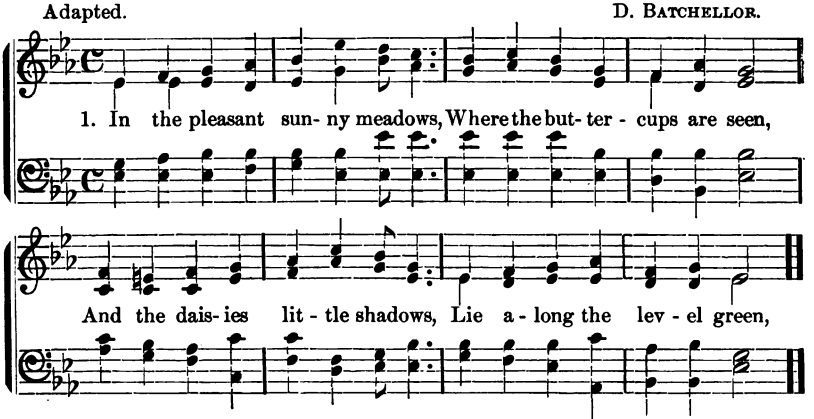
1. Lit - tle mod- est vio - let blue, Span-gled o'er with morn-ing dew,
Laugh-ing in the spor- tive air, God has made thy leaves so fair;
Lit - tle lambs, that skip and play In the mead- ow fresh and gay,
God pro- tects you by his care, He has made your fleece so fair.

2 Little star with golden eye,
God has placed thee in the sky;
Little bird with glassy wing,
God has taught thee how to sing;
Little clouds, that lightly rest
On the bosom of the west,
Floating in the summer air,
God has made your form so fair.

3 Little merry, laughing child,
Ever playful, ever wild,
Full of gladness, full of love,
God has made thee, God above;
He thy little spirit keeps,
For he never, never sleeps;
When thy little life is past
He will take thee home at last.

91 In the Pleasant Sunny Meadows.

Adapted. D. Batchellor.

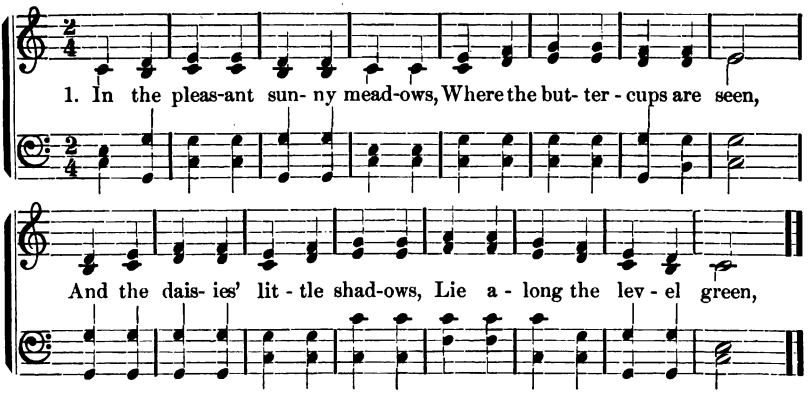


2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near,
And the watchful shepherd leading,
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3 Like the lambs, we little children
Have a Shepherd, kind and good,
It is God who watches o'er us,
Gives us life and daily food.

In the Pleasant Sunny Meadows.

Adapted. (Second Tune.) German air.



2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,
Little lambs are playing near,
And the watchful shepherd leading,
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.

3 Like the lambs, we little children
Have a Shepherd, kind and good,
It is God who watches o'er us,
Gives us life and daily food.

92 Hymn of Nature.

JANE E. LEESON.

Andantino.

1. A lit - tle child may know Our Fa - ther's name of love: 'Tis writ - ten in the earth be - low, And in the sky a - bove.

2 Around me when I look,
His handiwork I see;
This world is like a picture-book,
To teach his name to me.

3 The thousand little flowers
Within our garden bound;
The rainbow and the soft spring showers
And ev'ry pleasant sound.

4 The summer breezes blow,
The woods and groves among;
The streamlets through the valley flow,
In melody along.

5 And every living thing,
Rejoicing in the light,
The little birds that sweetly sing,
The moon that shines by night;

6 And every star above,
Set in the deep blue sky,
All tell me that our God is love,
All tell me he is nigh.

93 Spring.

M. R. Adapted from the Swedish.

1. There's a bird that is fly - ing far o - ver my head,
O lis - ten and hear his sweet mes - sage of love,
The Spring is re - turn - ing and Win - ter has fled,
Give thanks to the Fa - ther, our Fa - ther a - bove.

2 There's a flower that is blooming way down on the ground,
More frail and more tiny you scarcely would find,
It says as it sends its brave glances around
Give thanks to the Father, our Father so kind.

3 O children who listen, O children who hear,
Like birds and like flowers give thanks for the Spring,
'Tis God who directs ev'ry change in the year,
Give thanks to the Father, to him we will sing.

A Flower Song for Children.

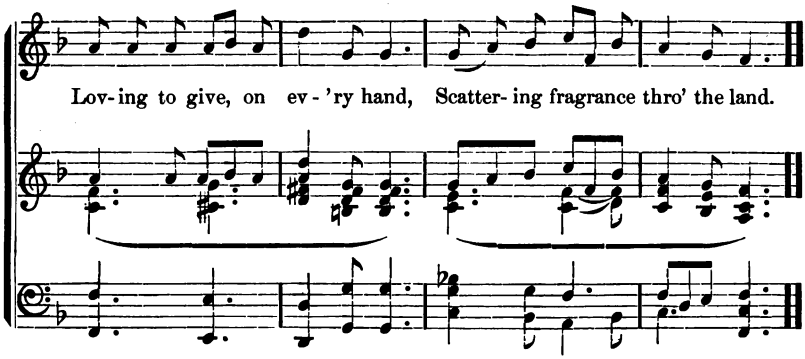
CARO. A. DUGAN — E. L.

1. All the wide mead - ows are sweet with clo - ver,

Ro - sy clo - ver blooms fair to see; Com - mon as sunshine, but

some - how dear - er Than oth - er state - lier flowers can be;

A Flower Song for Children.—Concluded.



2 Golden buttercups catching the sunlight,
While the heavens are blue and fair,
Then when days are dark and misty,
Making sunshine everywhere,
Happy the season that may hold
Goodly store of your fairy gold.

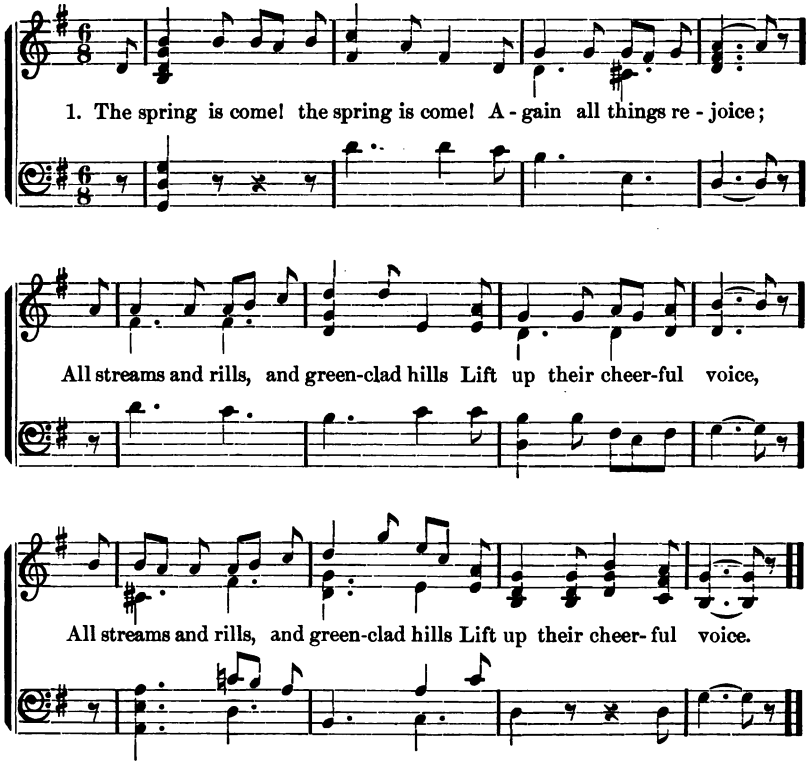
3 Hidden away under meadow grasses,
Like a hint of the far, blue sky,
If we look close we shall find a blossom
Right at our feet, so quiet and shy;
Quiet and shy, yet what were spring,
Wanting the violet's offering?

4 Day by day the happy wild flowers
Lift their heads to the sun's warm glow,
Gratefully drink the cooling showers,
Rocked by the winds, sway to and fro,—
Then as the night brings shadows deep,
Drooping their little heads they sleep.

5 Children dear, if our lives are loving,
Sweet to all, like the clover here,
Having the modest grace of violets,
Full of the buttercup's sunny cheer,
We will be God's little human flowers,
Helping to brighten this world of ours.

95 The Spring is Come.

GLÜCK.

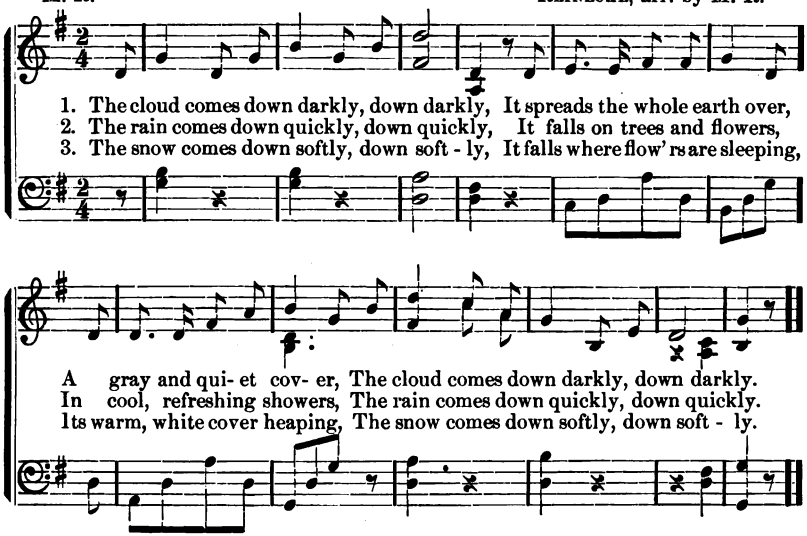


2 The spring is come! the spring is come!
The merry robins sing;
And in the grass, where'er we pass,
The sweet, white daisies spring,
And in the grass, where'er we pass,
The sweet, white daisies spring.

3 The spring is come! the spring is come!
We feel the south wind blow;
And in the dell, where violets dwell,
We hear the brooklet flow,
And in the dell, where violets dwell,
We hear the brooklet flow.

Weather Song.

M. R. REINECKE, arr. by M. R.



4 The hail comes down loudly, down loudly,
In jolly dance and patter,
In gay and merry clatter,
The hail comes down loudly, down loudly.

5 The wind bloweth gently and swiftly,
In softest zephyrs sighing,
On raging storm wings flying.
The wind bloweth gently and swiftly.

6 The sunshine comes sweetly, comes sweetly,
All bright with joy and blessing,
Our dear old earth caressing,
The sunshine comes sweetly, comes sweetly.

7 Hurrah then for storm and for sunshine,
All blessed gifts from heaven,
To earth's dear children given,
Hurrah then for storm and for sunshine.

CLOUD.—Wave raised hands over head slowly.
RAIN.—Let raised hands fall quickly and silently.
SNOW.—Let raised hands fall gently.
HAIL.—Let raised hands fall quickly and clapping.
WIND.—Let raised hands wave from right to left.
SUNSHINE.—Let raised hands wave with quick motion from right to left.
HURRAH.—Let raised right hand wave over head.

97 Little Birds Sleep Sweetly.

From "Hymns for Little Children." JOHN HULLAH.

Andantino.

1. Lit - tle birds sleep sweetly In their soft round nests, Crouching in the
2. But more sweet and qui - et Lie our lit - tle heads, With our own dear
3. And we play at ev'n-ing Round our fa-ther's knees, Birds are not so

p

cov - er Of their moth- ers' breasts; Lit - tle lambs lie qui - et
moth- ers Sit - ting by our beds; And their soft sweet voic- es
mer - ry Sing - ing on the trees; Lambs are not so hap - py,

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.*

All the sum-mer night, With their loving mothers, Warm, and soft, and white.
Sing our hush- a - bies, While the room grows darker As we shut our eyes.
'Mid the mead-ow flow' rs; They have play and pleasure, But not love like ours.

rall. *a tempo.* *rall.*

Little Birds Sleep Sweetly.—Concluded.

4 But the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do;
Those who dearly cherish,
We must honor too;
To our father's teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey.

5 For when in his childhood
Our dear Lord was here,
He too was obedient
To his mother dear;
And his little children
Must be good as he,
Gentle and submissive
As he used to be.

98 O Send Forth the Bible.

MOZART.

1. O send forth the Bi - ble more precious than gold; Let no one pre-

sume the blest gift to with - hold; It speaks to all na - tions, in

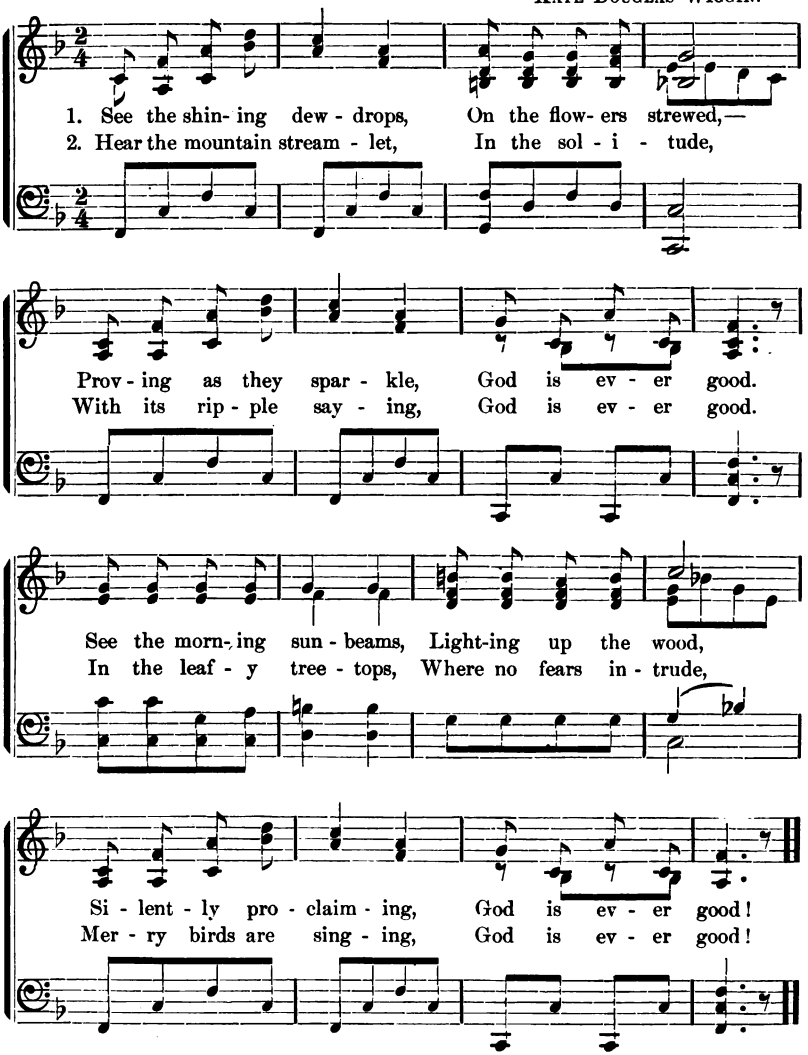
language so plain, That he who will read it, true wis-dom may gain.

2 It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross, and arose from the grave;
Who dwelleth on high in that holy abode,
Now pleading for man with a sin pardoning God.

3 Oh! who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us of danger, invites us to bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around
Wherever the footsteps of man way be found.

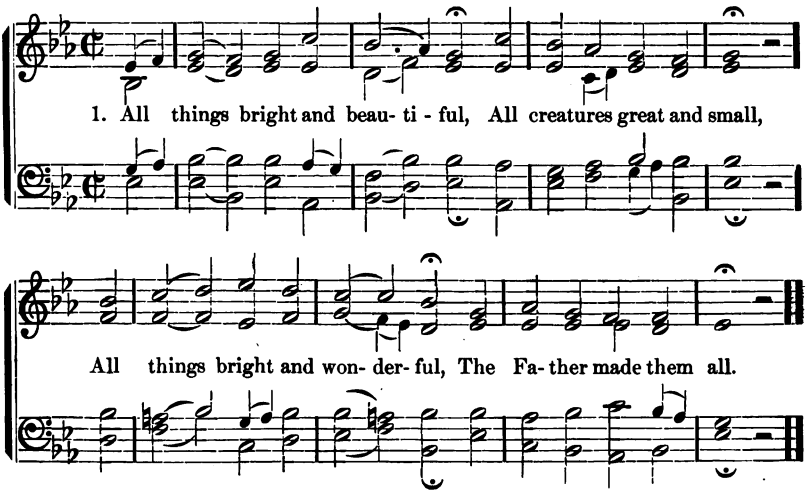
99 God is Ever Good.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.



100 All Things Bright and Beautiful.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. From "El. Heerwart's Coll."



2 Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

3 The tall trees in the green wood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day.

4 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
The goodness of the Father,
Who hath done all things well.

101 Motion Exercise.

1 We'll all rise up together,
We'll all sit down together,
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,
And all rise up together.

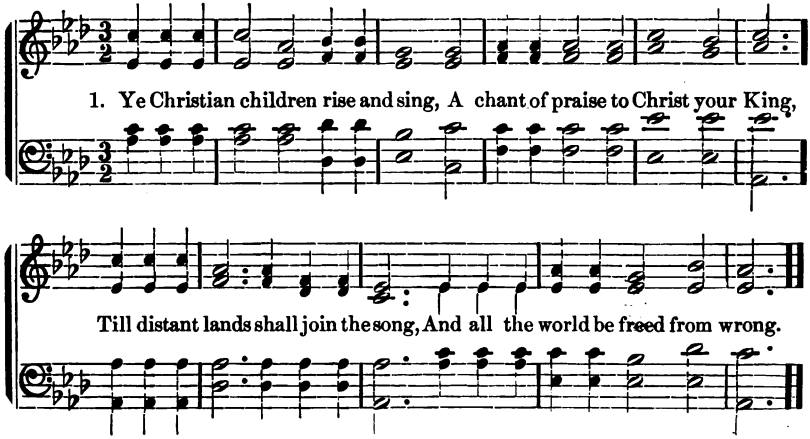
2 We'll raise our hands together,
We'll fold our arms together,
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,
And raise our hands together.

3 We'll bow our heads together,
We'll close our eyes together,
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,
And bow our heads together.

4 We'll clasp our hands together,
We'll place our heels together,
We'll mind the rule of the Sunday School,
And sit up straight together.

102 Missionary Chant.

M. R. H. C. Zeuner.

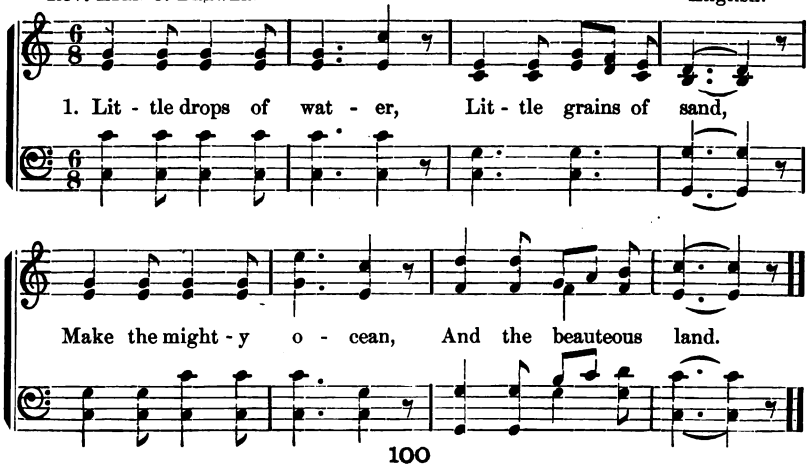


2 The sins of all he gladly bare,
The children have his tend'rest care,
And those who never heard his name
He loves for evermore the same.

3 May we our off'rings gladly bring
To spread the news of Christ our King,
Till every child shall hear the call
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

103 Little Things.

Rev. Eben C. Brewer. English.



Little Things.—Concluded.

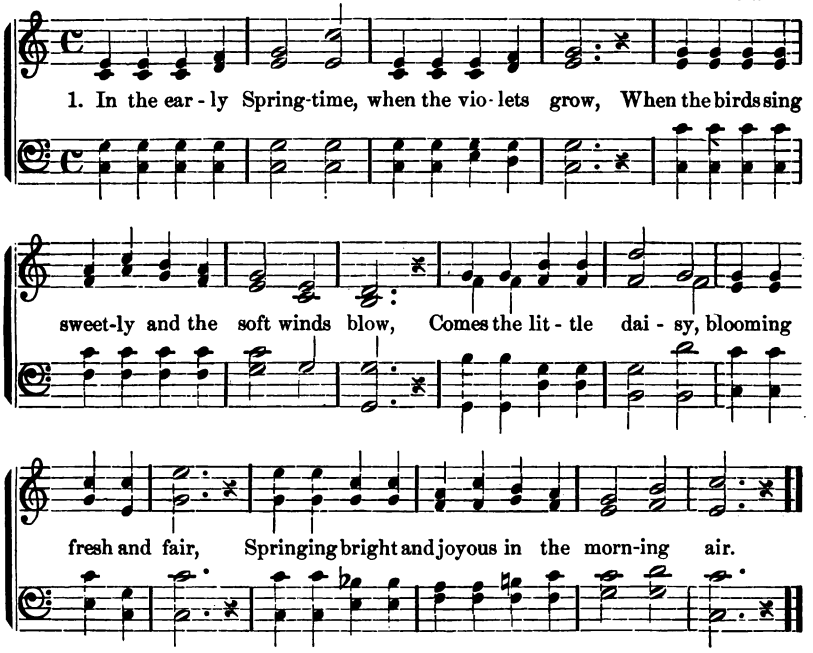
2 And the little moments
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages—
Of eternity.

3 Little seeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations
Far in heathen lands.

4 Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.

104 The Daisy.

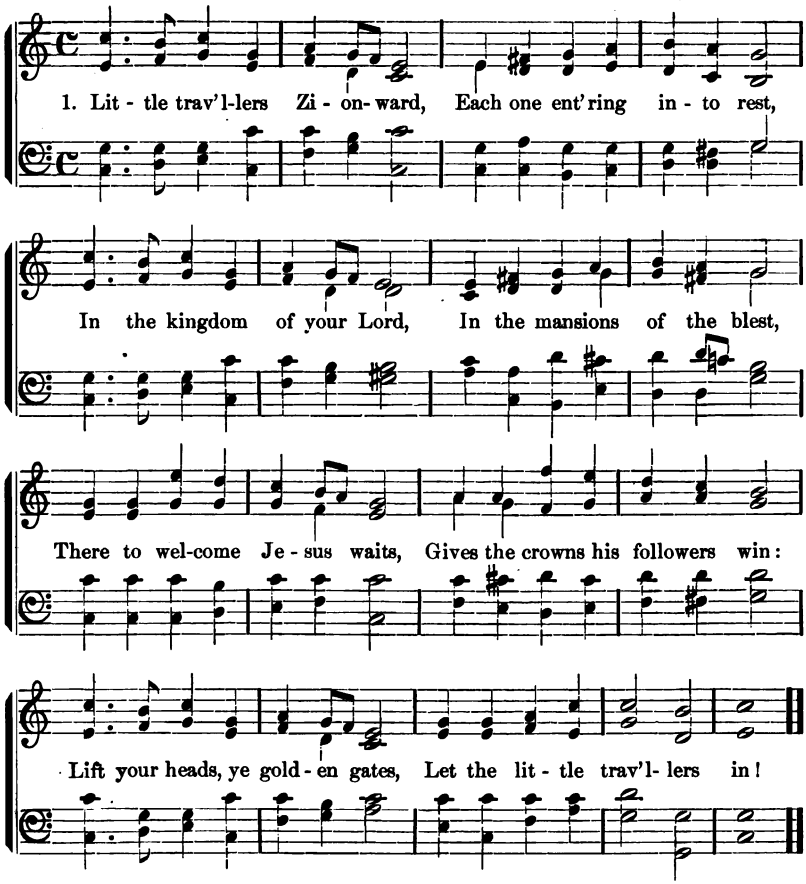
T. F. Seward. D. Batchellor.



2 Sunny little blossoms, on your slender stalk,
How much you would teach us if you could but talk
Ever looking upward, all the live-long day,
Bright your faces turn to catch each sunbeam's ray.

105 Little Travellers Zionward.

G. B. Gilbert, Mus. D.



2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached the heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand;"
"I from islands of the main."

3 "All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
We're together met at last
At the portal of the sky."
Each the welcome, Come, awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

106 Work, For the Night.

SIDNEY DYER. DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring- ing flowers;

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow- ing sun;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

107 Missionary Processional.

M. R. Adapted by M. R.

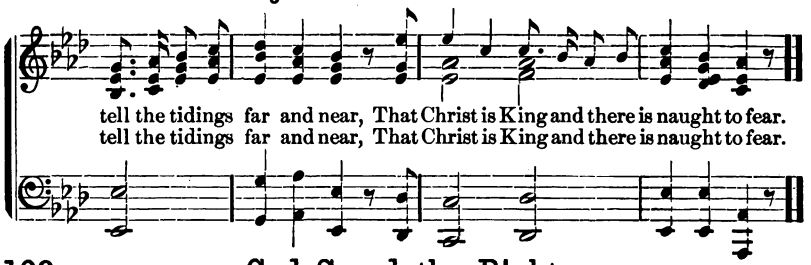
1. The Lord is our King, he is reign - ing above, His ban - ner floats
2. A- rouse Chris-tian chil-dren and send the word, To na - tions who

o'er us, his ban - ner of love, The vict-'ry we'll gain over evil and wrong, Our
know not of our dear Lord, In darkness and sorrow they wait to know, Of

lead- er will conquer, in him we are strong: March on and tell the ti- dings
him who has suf- fer-ed for all below: March on and tell the ti- dings

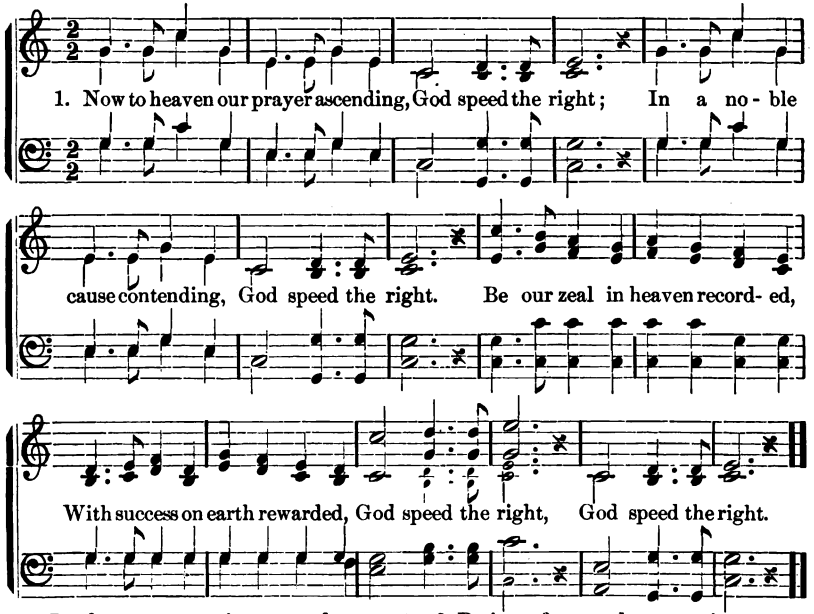
far and near, That Christ is King and there is naught to fear, March on and
far and near, That Christ is King and there is naught to fear, March on and

Missionary Processional.—Concluded.



108 God Speed the Right.

W. E. Hickson. German.

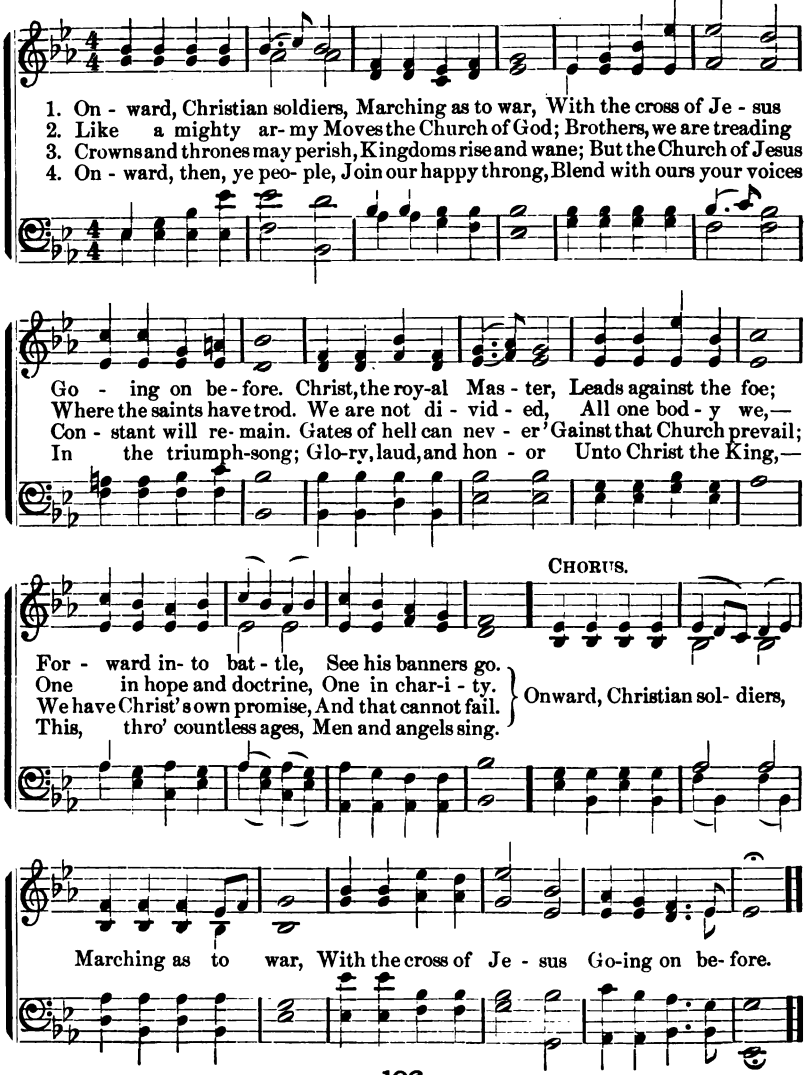


2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the right;
Ne'er despairing though defeated,
God speed the right.
Like the good and great in story,
If we fail, we fail with glory,
God speed the right,
God speed the right.

3 Patient, firm, and persevering;
God speed the right;
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the right.
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
In the strength of heaven succeeding—
God speed the right,
God speed the right.

109 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.



110 Lux Eoi.

MARY MANNING. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. There's a fold both safe and hap - py, Where the lit - tle ones may dwell;

And se - cure the Shepherd guards it, For the lambs he loves so well;

Thro' the pleas-ant fields he leads them, By the streamlets fresh and clear;

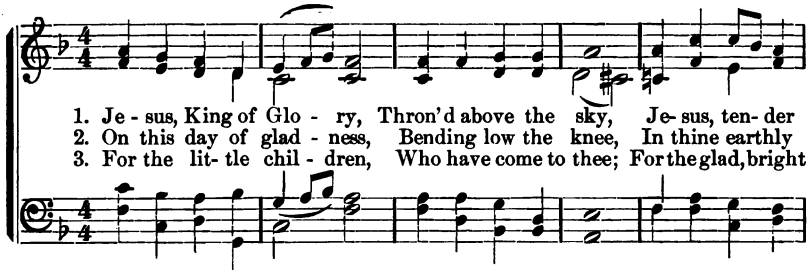
Rest and gladness gives he to them, And his bless- ed voice they hear.

2 Many of his lambs are resting,
In a yet more peaceful fold,
Sheltered from the heat of summer,
Sheltered from the winter's cold;
In a bright and happy country,
Where 'tis always fresh and fair;
And the presence of the Shepherd
Bideth ever with them there.

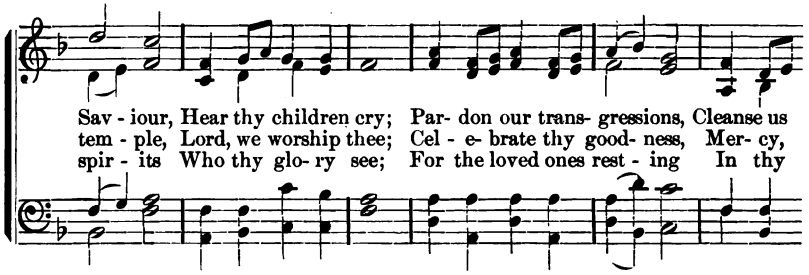
3 Of that fold the doors stand open,
And its rest each one may win;
For the welcome of the Master
Greeteth all who enter in;
Then will be the happy meetings
With the lambs that went before,—
One blest fold and one dear Shepherd,
Safe at home forevermore

111 Jesus, King of Glory.

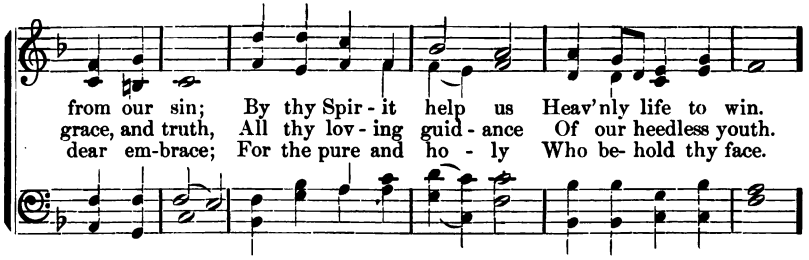
E. Harland. A. Lowe.



1. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd above the sky, Je- sus, ten- der
2. On this day of glad - ness, Bending low the knee, In thine earthly
3. For the lit- tle chil - dren, Who have come to thee; For the glad, bright

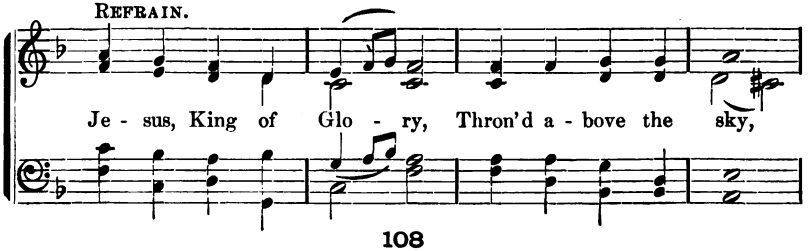


Sav - iour, Hear thy children cry; Par- don our trans- gressions, Cleanse us
tem - ple, Lord, we worship thee; Cel - e- brate thy good- ness, Mer- cy,
spir - its Who thy glo- ry see; For the loved ones rest - ing In thy



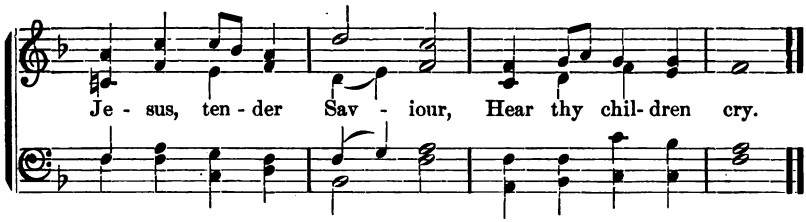
from our sin; By thy Spir - it help us Heav'nly life to win.
grace, and truth, All thy lov - ing guid - ance Of our heedless youth.
dear em-brace; For the pure and ho - ly Who be- hold thy face.

Refrain.



Je - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd a - bove the sky,

Jesus, King of Glory.—Concluded.

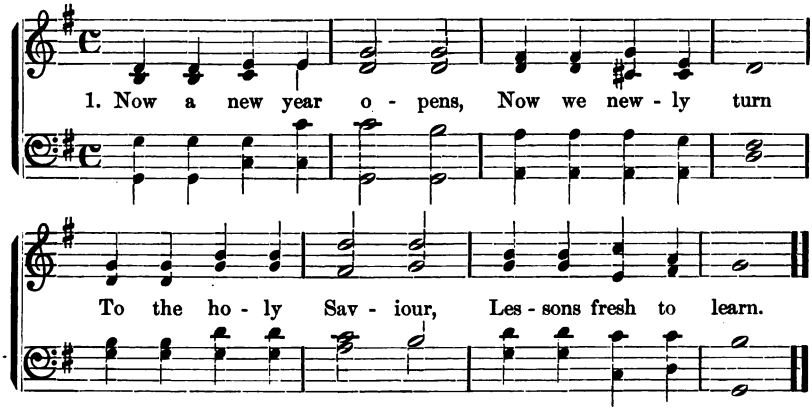


4 For thy faithful servants,
Who have entered in;
For thy fearless soldiers,
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions,
Who have followed thee,
Heedless of the danger,
On to victory.

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day:
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful,
Palms and crowns of life.

112 New Year Hymn.

S. C. Clarke. T. R. Matthews.



2 This the holy lesson
On the year's first day;
Jesus by obedience
Teaches to obey.

3 Of thy cross, thus early,
Tokens thou dost give,
By thy wounds thou healest,
By thy death we live.

4 Not to suffer only,
Jesus, didst thou come,
But to leave us way-marks
Pointing to our home.

5 In thy blessed footsteps
Ever may we tread;
Safe when keeping near thee,
By thy Spirit led.

113 To and Fro, To and Fro.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they
2. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they
3. To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle chil-dren, As they

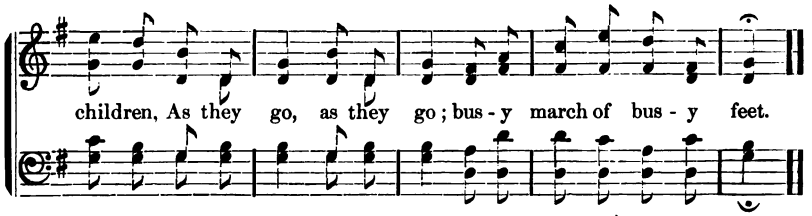
go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! Here and there, ev-ery-
go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! We will tell, we will
go, as they go, bus - y march of bus - y feet! Thro' the world, thro' the

where, joy-ous songs we' re sing- ing; Loud and clear, full of cheer, hap- py
tell of the won-drous sto - ry, While we raise songs of praise to our
world, do- ing an - gel's du - ty, Bright and fair, bright and fair, clothed in

REFRAIN.

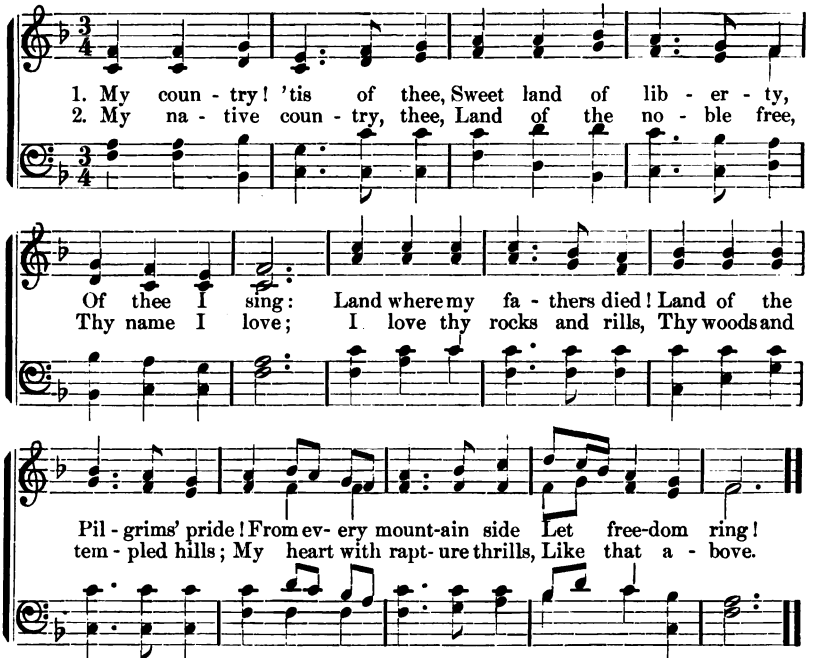
tones are ring - ing.
Lord in glo - ry.
an - gel beau - ty.
} To and fro, to and fro, hear the tread of lit - tle

To and Fro, To and Fro.—Concluded.



114 America.

S. F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

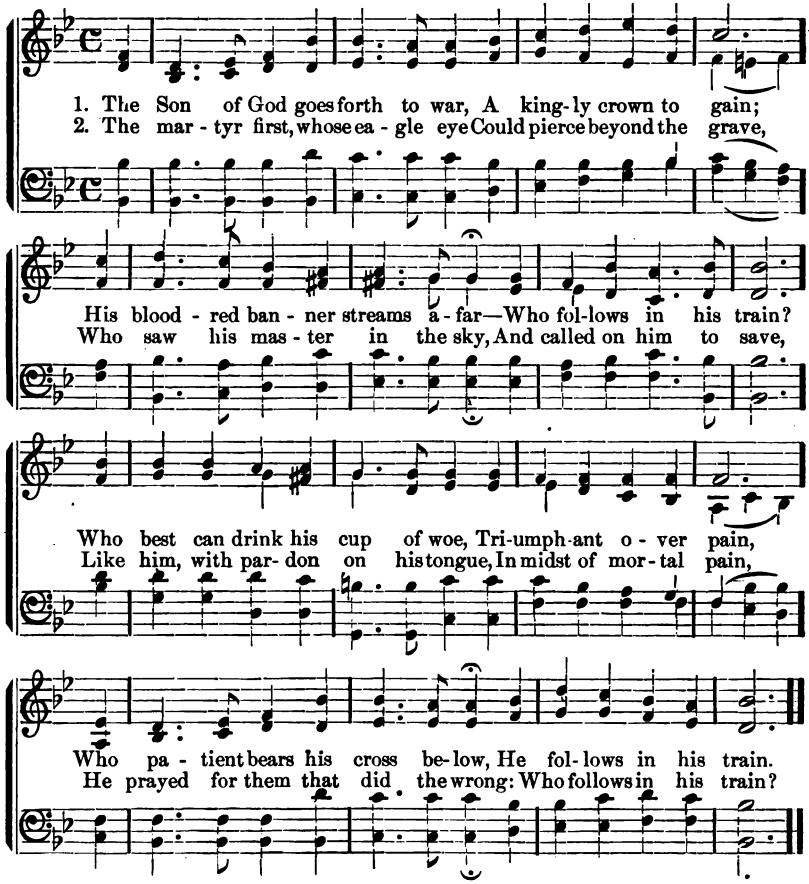


3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

115 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. H. S. CUTLER.



3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

116 Anniversary Song.

A. J. R. GOUNOD.

1 Wel - come hour of glad - ness, Hap-py time of light and joy,

Ban-ished be all sad - ness, Sing a- loud ev - 'ry girl and boy.

CHORUS.

On - ward let our voic-es ring, Loud hos- an- nas we will glad- ly sing,

Hearts and voices giv - ing praises to our King On this our fes-tal day.

2 Farewell year of blessing,
Which has now in mercy ended,
Hear Lord our confessing,
Grant forgiveness divine to send.

3 All hail year before us,
May its hours to God be given,
Then grateful the chorus
Shall arise from the earth to heaven.

117 Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

T. J. Porter. Arthur Sullivan.

1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers
2. Jesus, Lord and Mas- ter, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing
3. All our days di- rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic - torious
4. Then with saints and angels May we join a- bove, Off' ring pray' rs and praises

To their home on high; Marching thro' the desert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See thy children meet; Oft - en have we left thee, Oft- en gone a- stray;
O- ver ev- 'ry foe: Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds lower,
At thy throne of love; When the toil is o- ver, Then come rest and peace,

Chorus.

Still with hearts unit- ed, Singing on our way.
Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.
Pardon, Lord, and save us In the last, dread hour.
Je - sus in his beau-ty, Songs that never cease.
} Brightly gleams our banner,

Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high.

118 I'm a Little Pilgrim.

JOHN CURWEN. BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And a stran - ger here;

Tho' this world is pleas - ant, Sin is al - ways near.

CHORUS.

Je - sus loves our pil - grim band; He will lead us by the hand,

Lead us to the bet - ter land, To our home on high.

2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin,
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.

4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

5 I'm a little pilgrim,
And a stranger here,
But my home in heaven
Cometh ever near.

119 Praise Him, Praise Him.

Anon. Adapted by M. R.

1. Praise him, praise him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren,
2. Love him, love him, all ye lit - tle chil - dren,

He is love, he is love, Praise him, praise him,
He is love, he is love, Love him, love him,

all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, he is love.
all ye lit - tle chil-dren, He is love, he is love.

3 ||: Serve him, serve him, all ye little children,
He is love, he is love. :||

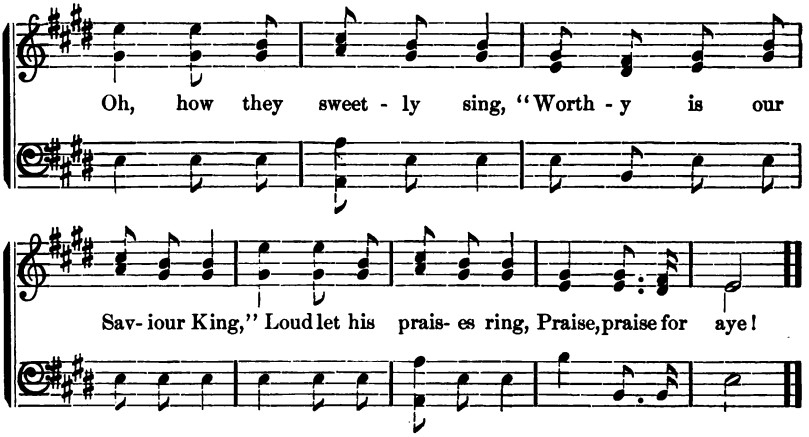
4 ||: Crown him, crown him, all ye little children,
He is love, he is love. :||

120 Happy Land.

Andrew Young. Indian Air.

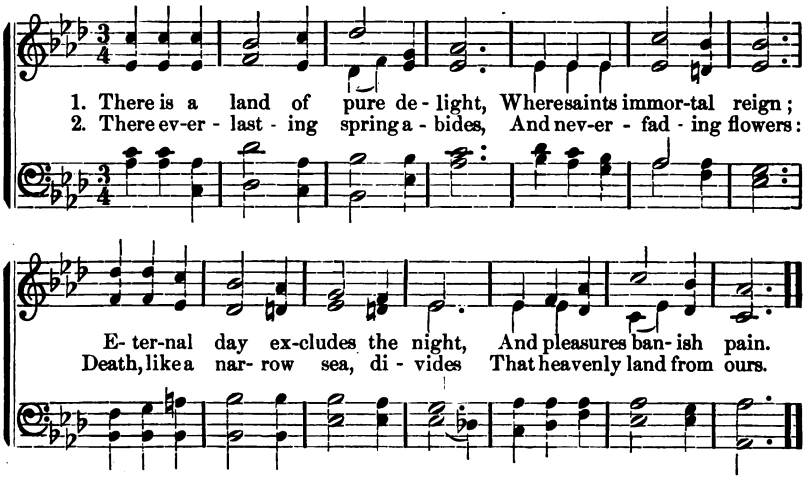
1. { There is a hap - py land Far, far a - way, }
{ Where saints in glo - ry stand Bright, bright as day; }

Happy Land.—Concluded.



121 St. Agnes.

ISAAC WATTS. Rev. J. B. DYKES.

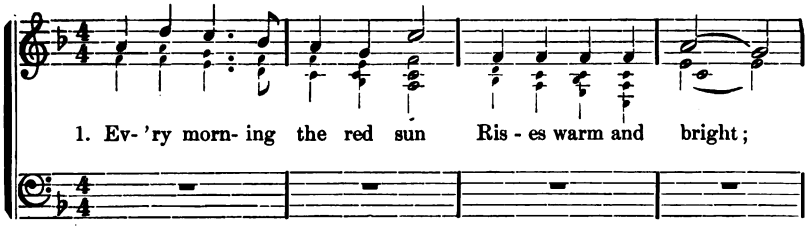


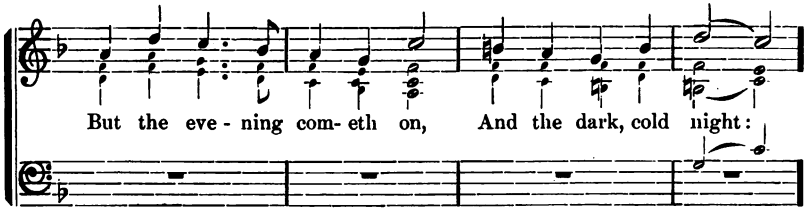
3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

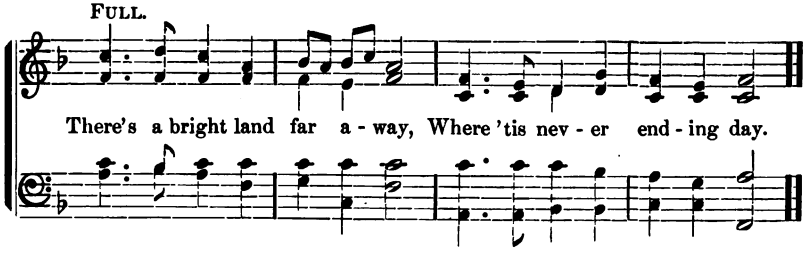
4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

122 Every Morning the Red Sun.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. J. ADCOCK.







2 Every spring the sweet, young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away;
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

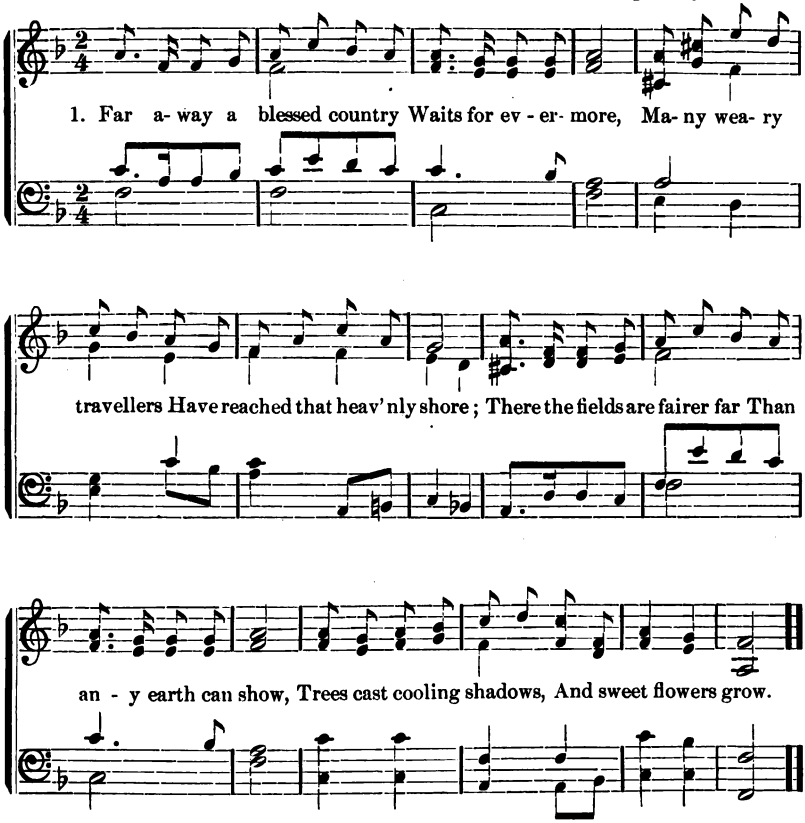
3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song;
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near
Those who follow him;
But we cannot see him here,
For our eyes are dim;
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see his face.

5 Who shall go to that fair land?
All who love the right;
Holy children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

123 Heaven.

M. R. Adapted by M. R.



2 Lo, with arms outstretched to greet,
Our loving Shepherd stands,
Tenderly the lambs he calleth
To those heavenly lands;
There within a fold eternal,
Danger cannot come,
All who enter in have found
A blessed home.

3 Sorrow ne'er shall enter there
And crying is not known,
Happiness awaits us more
Than ever earth hath shown:
Grant us, Lord, at last to meet
With thee and those we love,
To live forevermore in that
Blest home above.

124 Hymn for Memorial Day.

ANNA M. PRATT. Adapted by M. R.

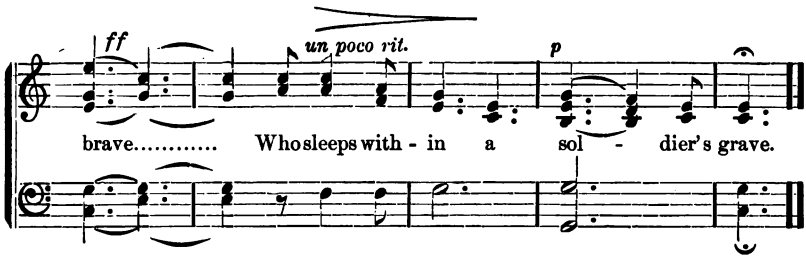
1. Chil - dren, bring your sweet - est flow - ers, North and

South and East and West, Bring the flow'rs you love the

best, Lay them where the sol- diers rest; Chil - dren, bring your sweet- est

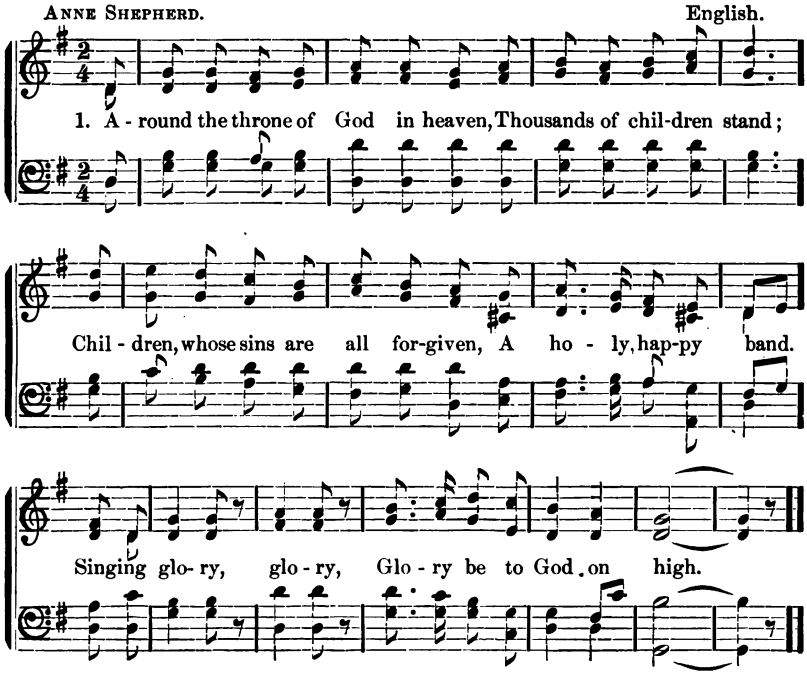
flow'rs In mem'ry of the gift they gave, Ev -'ry no - ble man and

Hymn for Memorial Day.—Concluded.



125 Patmos.

ANNE SHEPHERD. English.

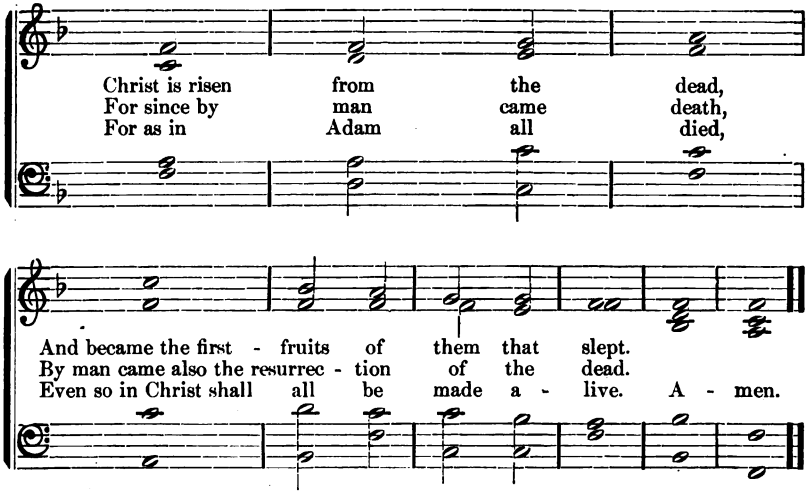


2 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,—
Where all is peace and joy and love?
How came those children there?

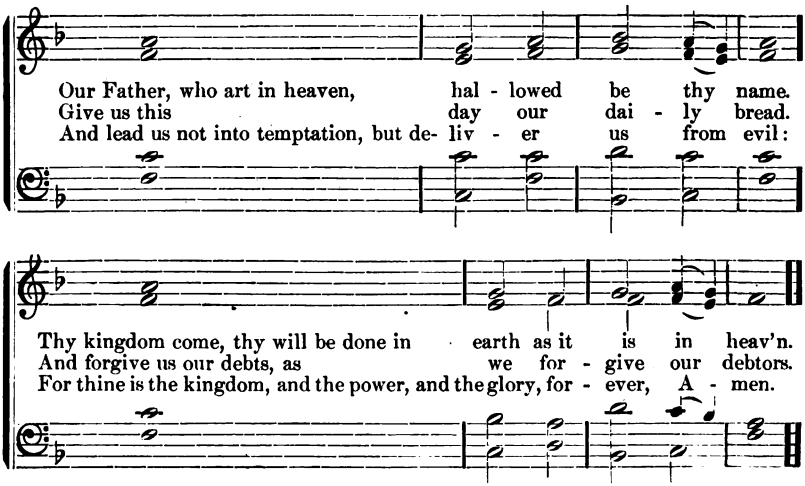
3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!

1 Chant for Easter.

R. Farrant.

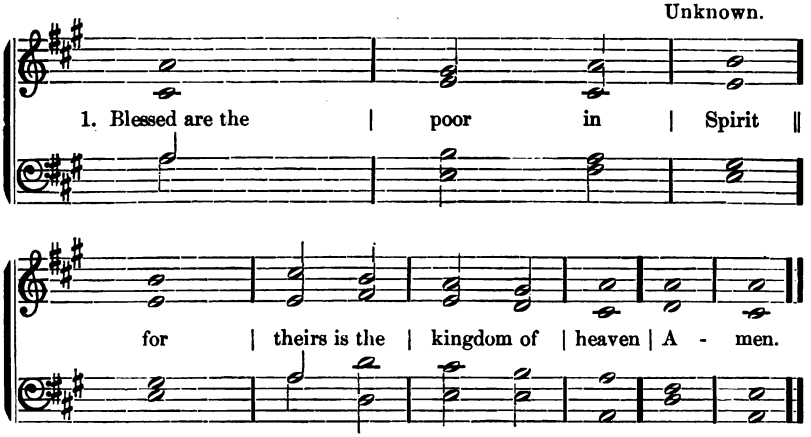


2 The Lord's Prayer.



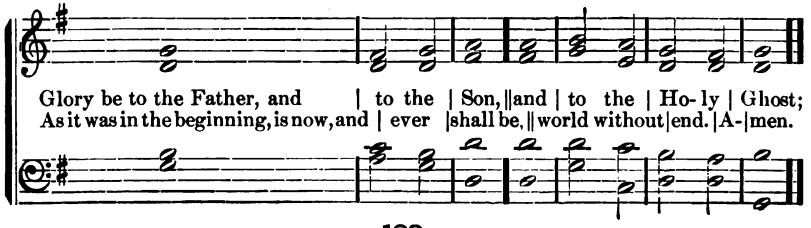
3 The Beatitudes.

Unknown.



2. Blessed are | they that | mourn || for | they shall be | comfort- | ed.
3. Blessed | are the | meek || for | they shall in- | herit the | earth.
4. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after | right-eous- | ness || for | they— | shall be | filled.
5. Blessed are the | mer-ci- | ful || for | they shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
6. Blessed are the | pure in | heart || for | they shall | see— | God.
7. Blessed are the | peace- — | makers || for they shall be called the | children | of— | God.
8. Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteous—ness' | sake || for | theirs is the | kingdom of | heaven.
9. Blessed are, ye when men shall revile you and | perse-cute | you || and shall say all manner of evil against you | false-ly | for my sake.
10. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your re- | ward in | heaven || for so persecuted they the | prophets which | were be— | fore you. Amen.

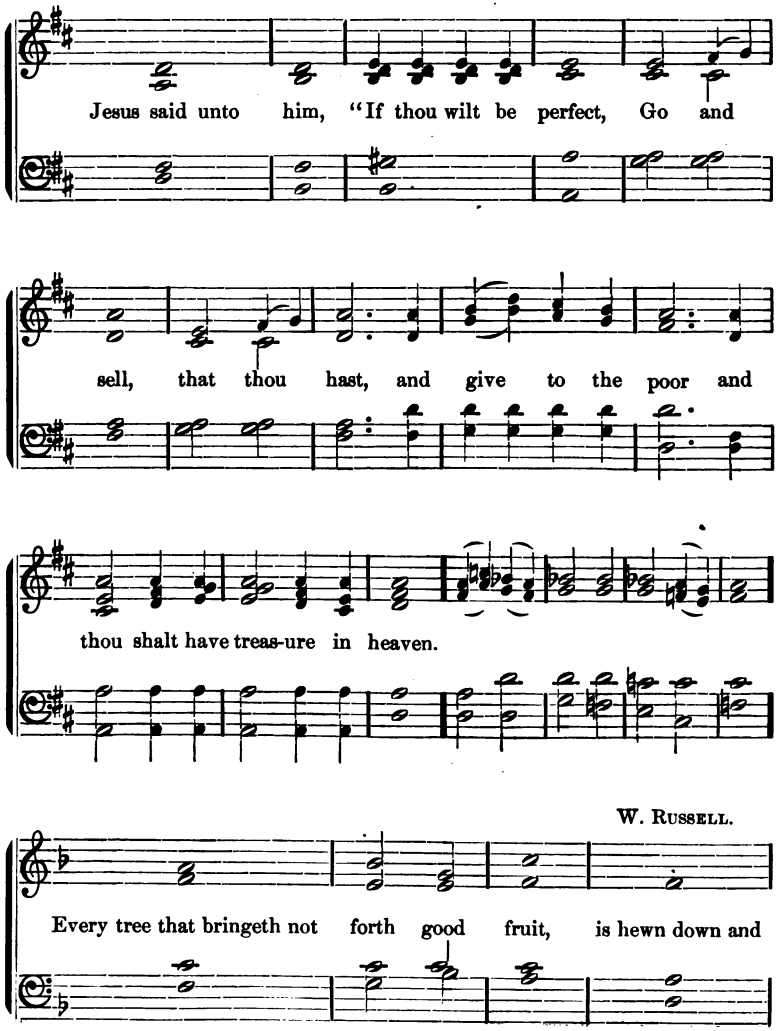
4 Gloria Patri.



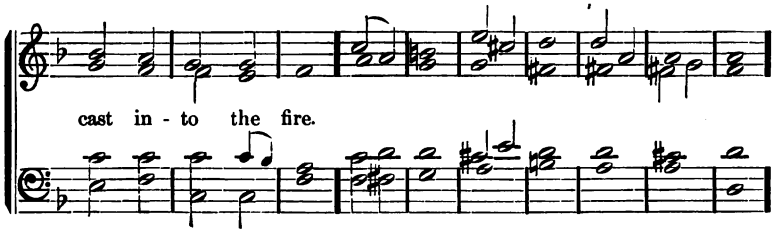
Acrostic Chants.

These chants may be used separately, or together after the children have learned the verses.

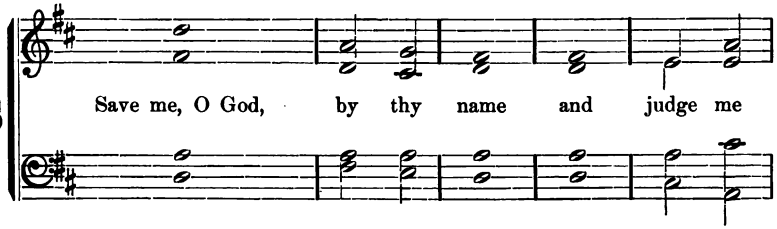
H. H. C.

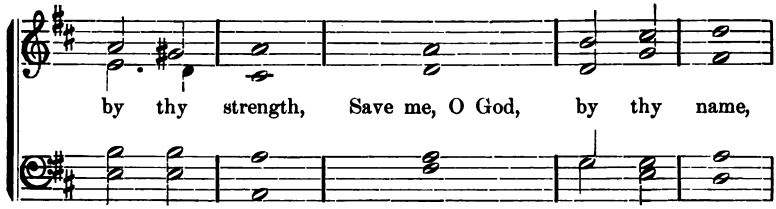


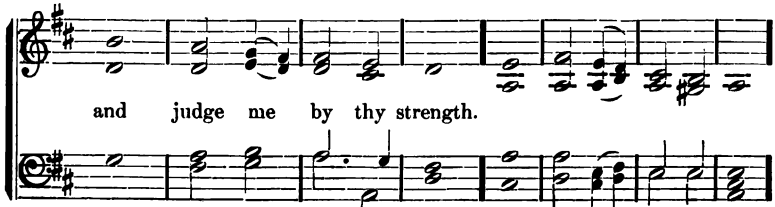
Acrostic Chants.—Continued.



Dr. Boyce.







Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

U

Un - to thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that

dwell-est in the heavens.

DEAN ALDRICH.

S

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him

while..... he is near.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

Dr. Crotch.

C

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heav - y laden, and I will give you rest.

H. H. C.

H

Him that com - eth un - to me, I will in no..... wise cast out.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

R

Re - joice in the Lord, O ye righteous, for praise is come-ly, is

come - ly for the up-right.

Dr. WOODWARD.

I

I love them that love me, and they that seek me

ear - ly shall find me.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

S

Sure - ly good- ness and mer - cy shall fol - low me

all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the

house of the Lord for - ev - er.

Rev. Dr. F. A. G. Ouseley.

T

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I will walk in thy paths. A-men.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

"Save thy people and bless thine inheritance."—Psalm 28 : 9.

H. H. C.

S

Show us thy mer - cy, O..... Lord, and

grant us thy sal - va - tion.

H. H. C.

A

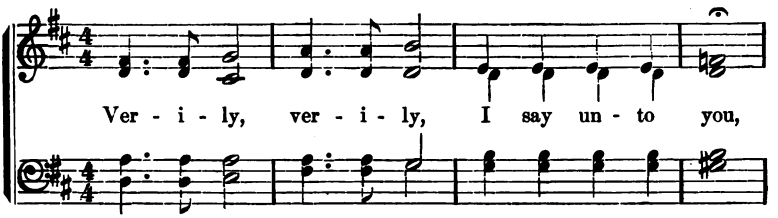
A soft..... an - swer turn- eth a- way wrath, but griev - ous

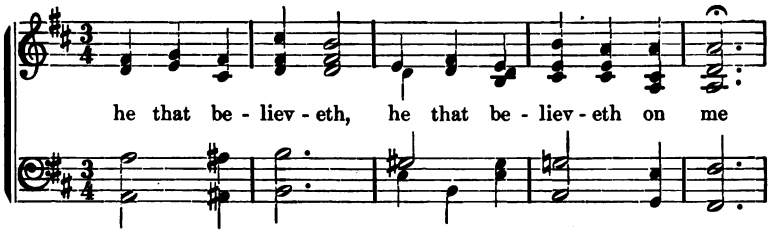
words stir up an - ger.

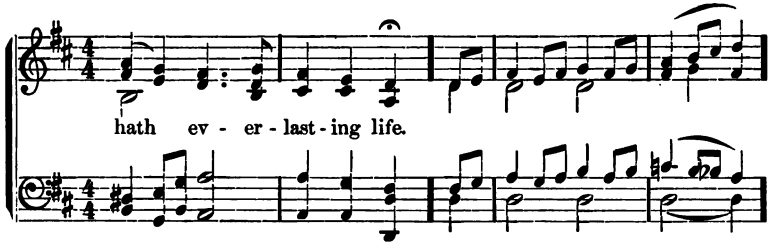
Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

"Vain is the help of man."

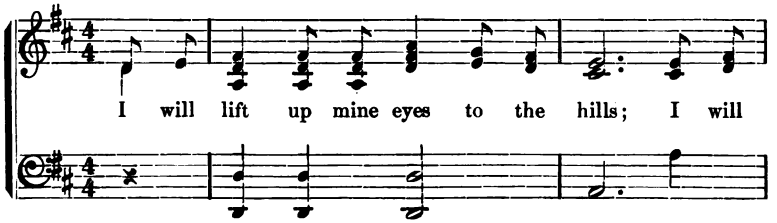
H. H. C.



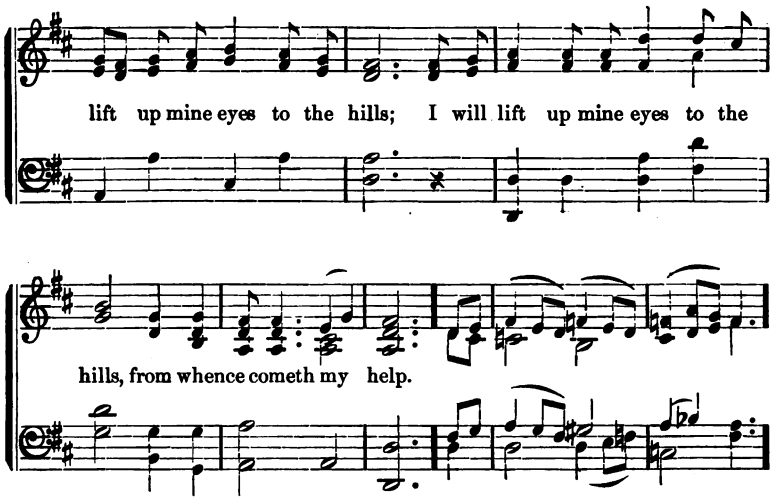




Anon.

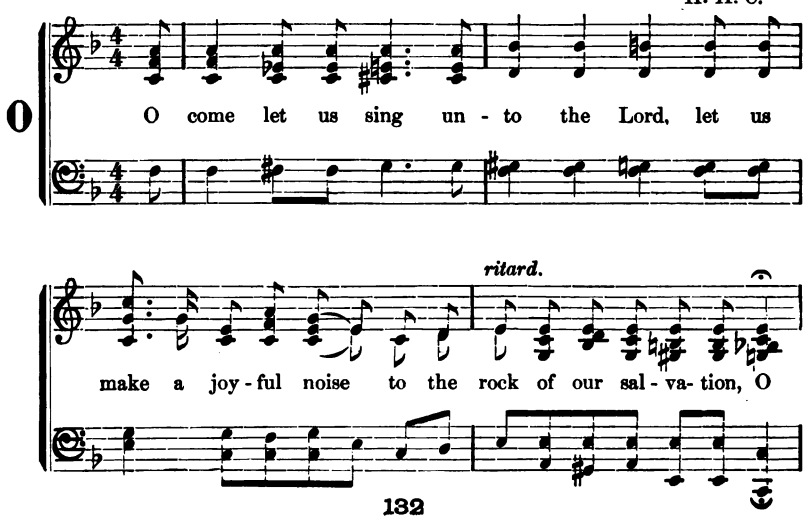


Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

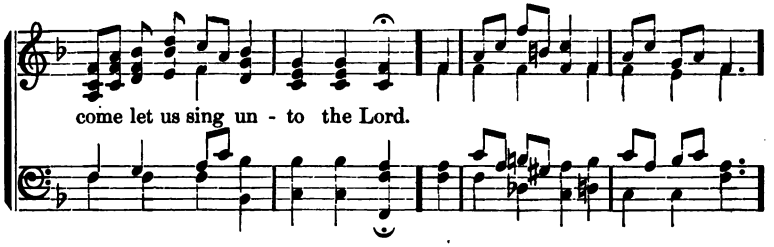


"O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

H. H. C.

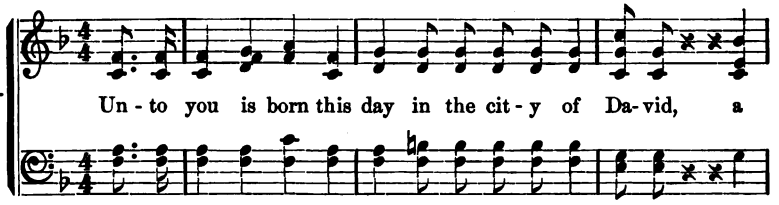


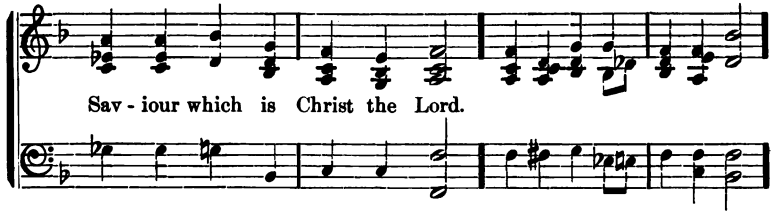
Acrostic Chants.—Continued.



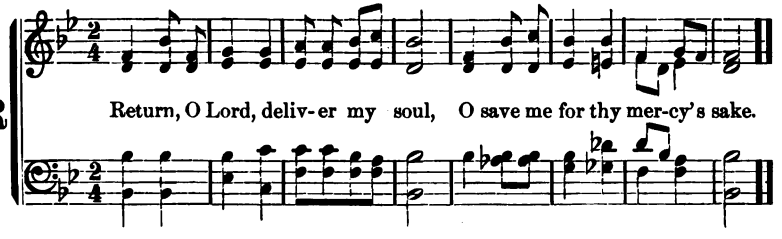
"Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince and Saviour."

H. H. C.





Arr. from BEETHOVEN.



Sing:—"Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us." No. 39.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

Allegro.

L

Let not your heart be troub - led, ye be- lieve in God, be -

lieve al - so in me.

H. H. C.

Andante.

A

As the hart pant-eth af-ter the wa - ter brooks, so pant-eth my

soul af - ter thee, O God.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

M

My sheep..... hear my voice, and..... they

fol - low me.

H. H. C.

B

Bear ye one an - oth - ers bur - dens, and

so ful - fill the law of Christ.

Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

O

O come let us sing un - to the Lord, let us make a joy- ful

noise to the Rock of our sal - va - tion, O come let us sing un -

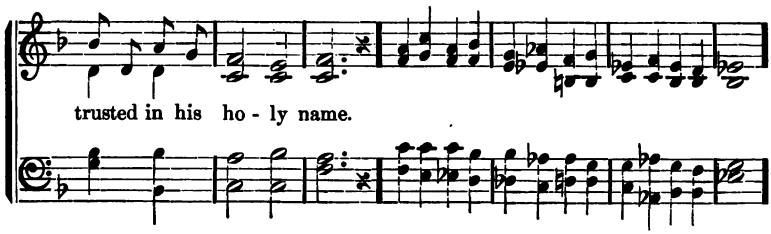
to the Lord.

H. H. C.

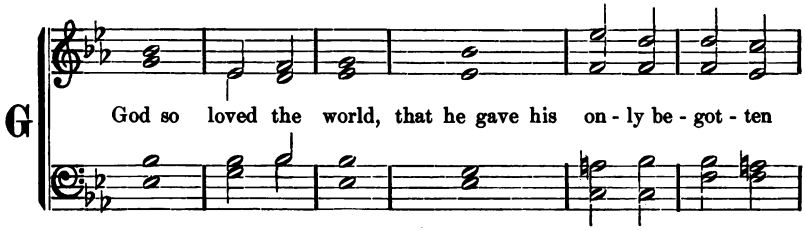
F

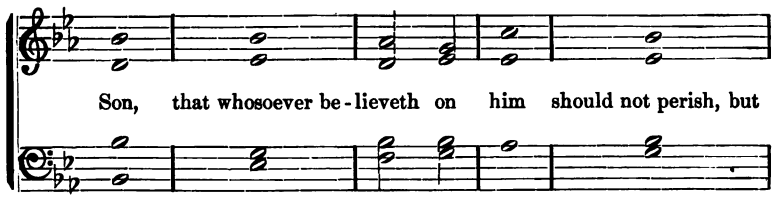
For our heart shall re- joice in him, be - cause we have

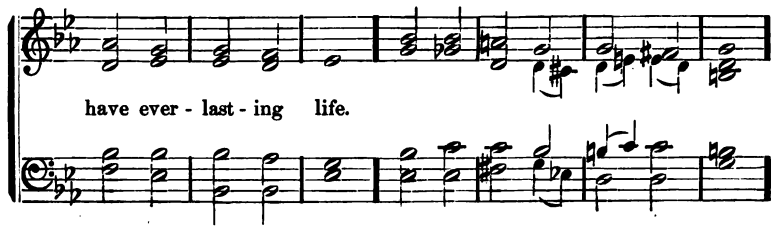
Acrostic Chants.—Continued.



Dr. JOHN RANDALL.







Acrostic Chants.—Continued.

H. H. C.

O

O give thanks un - to the Lord, for he is good, for his

mer - cy en- dur - eth for - ev - er.

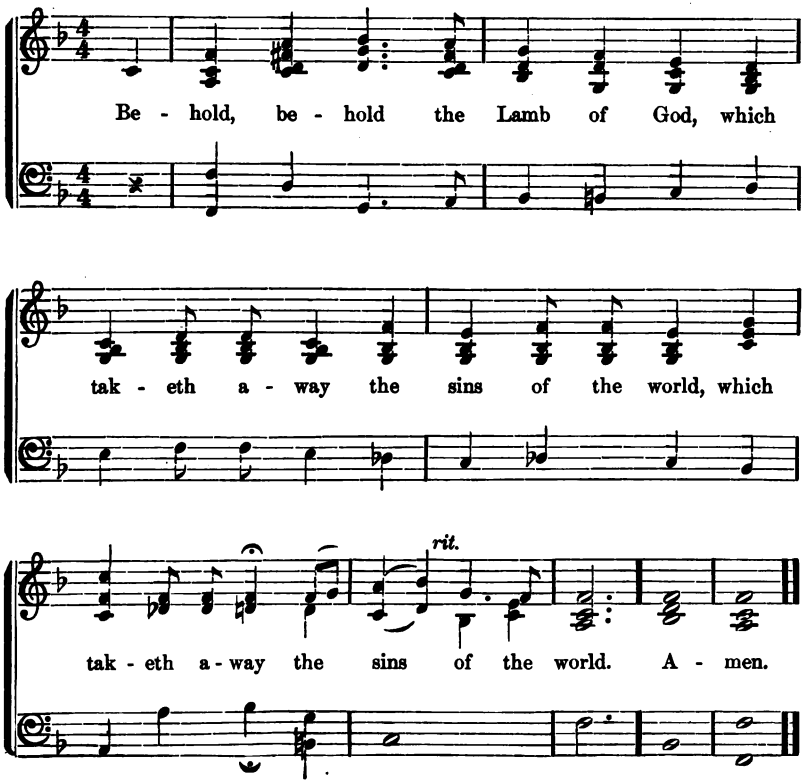
H. H. C.

D

De - part from e - vil and do good, seek peace and pur -

sue it.

Acrostic Chants.—Concluded.



INDEX OF FIRST LINES